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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**THE RIFLE.**

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEGGOTT.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Foul deeds will rise  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to try men's eyes."

Richard III.

The little village in which the sessions of the circuit court was held, and which, for the sake of a name, we will call Clairville, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it, termed "the public square," in which stood a building answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of meeting-house, when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country. It fronted on the public road. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small, one story edifice, built of large hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. A large brick house, the only one in town, was situated on the rear of the square, and was occupied as a hotel, as the traveller was informed by a huge sign suspended from a post at the road side, where was conspicuously written, in great yellow letters, beneath a burlesque likeness of George Washington, "Entertainment for man and horse." A little further up the road, or Main street, as it was called, though there was but one in the village, on the opposite side, was another tavern of more humble appearance than the first. It was around these two places of public entertainment, that a numerous assemblage of persons collected on the morning when the important trial was to take place, all eagerly conversing on the crime of which the prisoner was supposed to be guilty; and many of them uttering no very moderate anathemas against the yankees, whom they pretended to consider *en masse*, as rogues and cheats, and who, at least, were coming into the country to break up their old manners and customs. The women, who were plentifully sprinkled among them, seemed very willing to join in the general clamor.

"There's a monstrous fidgety people, say the least of them," observed the large fat wife of a farmer, and her sleepy eyes and unmeaning face assumed something like angry vivacity as she spoke. "They want a heap of waitin' on, and you don't git no thanks after all. Now there was old Wentworth—he tarried with us, you know, Carlock, on account of his daughter, when he first came out here. Good coffee wasn't good enough for 'em; they must have a little tea, to be sure. So I sent Johnny down to the settlement to git some, and took a heap of pains to cook the truck—and what do you think? they wouldn't eat a bit on't after all. I don't much wonder, neither, for 'twas bitter, nasty trash as I'd wish to taste. But it's always the way with 'em. They make trouble just for nothing."

The remarks of the indignant woman were fully concurred in by most of her simple and unsophisticated hearers; but there was one among them who was obliged to thrust his tongue into his cheek, and turn aside to prevent the dame from seeing his laughter. He was the merchant's clerk, and had heard the story before. The fact was, that having never used the article of tea in her life, the poor woman had caused a pound of it to be purchased, and boiling it all in a kettle, had served it up to her guests as greens for dinner.

"They tell," said a farmer, who had the reputation of being a wit among his fellows, and whose linsy woolsey coat contrasted strangely with a printed calico shirt, the collar of which was ostentatiously displayed—"They tell that old Silversight had a power of money when he was killed. 'Tis kill or cure with these yankee doctors, any how; but that was the queerest pill to give a patient I ever heard of; and he took the trouble off your hands, Carlock, and paid the bill himself, out of the dead man's pocket, hey?"

Such a specimen of the idle talk with which the crowd amused themselves until the Court at length assembled, when after the usual preliminaries, the important trial commenced. The prisoner had been supplied by his anxious and affectionate parent with all the little comforts which the narrow apartment admitted of, except fire and candles; they being forbidden on account of the material of which the jail was constructed. But the coldness of the weather had been excessive, during a part of the time that he was the occupant of that dreary abode; and the boundaries of his cell not allowing of much exercise, a sickness fastened upon him, which, though not dangerous in its nature, had rendered him thin and pale. He came into the Court arm in arm with the attorney who was employed to plead his cause; and slightly bowing to those whose friendly salute indicated that they believed him innocent, he passed through the crowd and took a seat beside the lawyers within the bar.

From the high and exemplary character which he had sustained invariably, from his first settling in the place, until the present black suspicion rested on him, a degree of intuitive respect was accorded by all, that must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. A plea of not guilty was entered, and the examination of witnesses commenced.

George Carlock was the nephew of the deceased. On the night of the sixteenth of December, he was surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with the saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped for a while, perhaps at Buckhorn's, who lived a mile or so further down the timber; but as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of trailing the horse. He called for Buckhorn, they upon the trail, followed it till they had found the dead body. Two young men who had joined them at Buckhorn's returned with the body, they continuing on the trail. It led them to Mr. Wentworth's. They inquired if any person had been there, that crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered that Dr. Rivington had crossed the stream and remained the night with them. That Mr. Rumley, the deputy sheriff, had also remained the night, but that he came from further up on the same side. They followed on the trail, and found that there was a tract from further up, most likely Mr. Rumley's. They continued on the trail till they arrived in town. Being informed by Mr. Drill, the gunsmith, that Dr. Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

James Buckhorn's testimony was in full corroboration of the preceding. He mentioned in addition, that he examined the lock and barrel of his rifle, on finding it lying near the murdered man, and discovered that it had certainly been discharged but a short time before.

The gunsmith deposed to his having given the rifle to the prisoner, on his offering to carry it out to Buckhorn, and that it had been discharged since.

"Mr. Drill," said Lawyer Blandly, who was counsel for our hero, "you mention having given the gun to Dr. Rivington; did you also give him a bullet that would fit the bore?"

"I did not."

"Did he exhibit any anxiety to obtain the weapon?" again asked the lawyer.

"By no means," replied the gunsmith, "I considered at the time that Doctor's offer was one of mere kindness; and he had previously mentioned that he was going out that way to visit his patients."

"The bore of this rifle, Mr. Drill," continued the sagacious lawyer, "is very small. I presume that you are familiar with the size and qualities of all that are owned on the road out to Buckhorn's. Is there any house at which Dr. Rivington could have stopped and procured a ball of sufficient smallness?"

"John Gundry's rifle," answered Mr. Drill, "carries eighty-seven or eighty to the pound, and one of his bullets with a thick patch, would suit Buckhorn's pretty well. That is the only one any where near the size."

"The Attorney for the people here asked another question."

"For what purpose, sir, did the prisoner go into your shop, on the morning of the sixteenth of December?"

"I was employed in repairing a pair of pocket pistols for him, and fitting a bullet mould to them. He came in, I believe, to inquire if they were finished."

"Please to note that answer, gentleman of the jury," said the prosecuting attorney. "Mr. Drill, you may stand aside."

Samuel Cochrane was next called. He was one of the young men who had returned with the body of Silversight. On his way back, and about two hundred yards from the place where the murder had been committed, he found a copper powder flask, (which was shown to him and he identified it) the letters C. R. M. D. being cut upon one of its sides, apparently with a knife. There was but one more witness on the part of the people, Mr. Lawton, the magistrate before whom the unfortunate prisoner had been examined. He testified as to the facts which were deposed before him, together with the acknowledgment of Dr. Rivington that he had been in company with Mr. Silversight, &c. But we may pass over these circumstances, as the reader is already acquainted with them.

The prisoner was now put on his defence; and all that talent and ingenuity could devise, was done by his skillful counsel. The witnesses were cross-examined; but their answers were uniformly the same. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character, but their evidence was rendered unnecessary by the attorney for the people admitting in unequivocal terms, that previous to this horrid occurrence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. At length, wearied by his exertions, and distressed at their result, Mr. Blandly discontinued his examination; he had one more weapon to try in behalf of his client—the powerful one of eloquence; and it was used by a master of the art, but alas! was used in vain. He dwelt much on the fact that his unfortunate client had wished his route to be traced from the village, and that Buckhorn had travelled for the purpose, when the disastrous snow storm occurred, and took away the only hope he had of proving his innocence. He cited many cases to the jury in which circumstances, even stronger than these, had been falsified, when their victim, murdered by their laws, was slumbering

in his grave. He appealed to them as parents to know if they would believe, that a son, who had been without stain or blemish, could suddenly turn aside from the path of rectitude and honor, to commit such an atrocious crime? But it would be useless to recapitulate the arguments that were made use of on this interesting occasion—they were ineffectual.

The attorney for the prosecution, summed up very briefly. He assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder flask, such as the eastern people principally use, had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree engraved upon it C. R. M. D. Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine. The trail is pursued, and it leads them to the house of Mr. Wentworth, where the prisoner arrived on the evening of the bloody deed, and remained all night. They continue on the trail, till at last they find him, with greedy eyes, bending over the plunder that he had torn from his grey haired victim. "Such," concluded he, "is a rapid outline of the facts; and deeply as I deplore the wretched young man's guilt, yet, believing him guilty, it is my sacred duty to display his enormity—but further than the imperious call of justice requires, I will not—I cannot."

The charge of the judge, who was evidently very much affected, occupied but a few minutes; and the jury retired to make up their verdict. I have already told the reader that the prisoner was pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his exposed situation in the prison; but the appalling events of the trial had caused no alteration in his appearance. He sat firm and collected, and there was a melancholy sweetness in the expression of his countenance which told that all was calm within. Indeed, the awful coincidence of the circumstances had been made fully known to him, before he came into court; he was convinced unless the interposing arm of heaven should prevent the blow, that death and ignominy must fall upon him, and, after a severe internal conflict, he had become enabled to say, "Thy will be done."

His mother, by the assistance of that never failing comfort in sorrow, religion, had hitherto supported, with something like resignation to the divine will, this greatest earthly calamity. In compliance with the earnest request of her son, who was fearful that the feelings of nature might become too strong for control, and who wished to behave with manliness and equanimity through the trying period, she refrained from going to court, on the day that was to decide, in a great measure, her mortal destiny.

Seated in the little parlor of their dwelling together with the weeping Catharine, the strength of whose love had drawn her to the spot, and awaiting with intense anxiety the issue of the jagged hour, was the mother of Charles Rivington, at the time which I have brought my narrative. She started at each noise that reached her ear, and every breeze that shook the casement seemed laden with the awful sentence of the law against her son. And yet that noble woman, though torn by the deep and awful solitude which only a mother's heart can know, strove to speak the words of comfort to the lovely being beside her, whose affectionate bosom seemed bursting with affection.

"Weep not so bitterly," she said, "Catharine, my dear child; alas! I soon may have no other child than you. But no: the Searcher of hearts knows that Charles is guiltless, and will yet put forth his arm to save. What sound was that? I am wrong to distrust his goodness; yet this is a heavy, heavy hour. I have knelt, Catharine, at the bedside of three lovely children, three little human blossoms, that death untimely cropped, and was enabled to bow with resignation to the inscrutable decree. But this, oh my Father, I groaned the tortured parent, "suffer this bitterest cup to pass from me. Catharine, dry your tears: He whose powerful hand led forth unharmed from the fiery furnace, the three that would not renounce his name, will yet deliver my boy from the toils that are around us."

At this moment Judy was seen from the window running rapidly toward the house and directly after, pale and breathless, entered the apartment.

"Judy!" faintly cried the agonised parent trembling in every nerve, but unable to utter more.

"An' madam," responded the servant, "I know what you'd be asking me—tak' comfort, it's no decided yet; the jury has just gone up stairs, to talk it over among themselves; and bless their sweet souls, they cried 'most as I did myself' when Mr. Blandly spoke to 'em. Ah, he's a nice gentleman, and he knows exactly what kind o' body, Mister Charles is. He described him just for all the world as I would, only I couldn't use such words."

"The jury wept—there is hope, then, Judy?" inquired the parent in a faltering voice.

"Vept did I say, and the judge, and Mr. Wentworth could scarce give his evidence for crying—and they all cried, except Mr. Charles himself. He looked pale and sorrowful, but there was no blubbering about him. I never see'd him look so elegant afore. But I jist rin here to tell ye how things was going on: I'll go back, and find what them juries says. I hope they may niver be able to open their ugly mouths, till it's jist to speak the word 'innocent.'"

"Stop, Judy," said Mrs. Rivington, feeling unable to endure the horrors of another period of suspense. "I will go with you; I trust that heaven will give me strength to bear the issue, even should it be the worst that can befall!"

"Ye had better not, my dear mistress," replied the devoted servant; "for there are hard-hearted people about the place that believe he's

guilty, because he's a Yankee—oddsrot their saucy tongues—and they moult fear at ye, because ye're his mother."

"They cannot—at any rate, I will go forth," said the afflicted woman, "he's my own, true, pious, noble-hearted boy; and his mother will be by to whisper consolation in his ear, though every tongue were loud in mockery and revilings."

"And I will go with you, mother," said Catharine, rising from her chair, and drying her tears, "I know he is innocent—and should the worst come, it is better to bear it at once, than linger here in such protracted anguish."

The assembled crowd was still anxiously awaiting the return of the verdict, when the mother of Charles Rivington, leaning on the arm of Catharine Wentworth, entered the court house of Clairville. A passage was instantly opened for them with that intuitive respect which almost all men are ready to yield to misfortune, even when accompanied by guilt. They had not been long seated, in a part of the room where they could be most screened from observation, when the jury returned, and handing a sealed verdict to the clerk, resumed their places. The clerk rose, and read in a faltering voice, "we find the prisoner, Charles Rivington, guilty." The words had scarcely left his lips, when a piercing shriek ran through the apartment, and Catharine Wentworth fell lifeless to the floor. Not so with that Christian mother—with unwonted strength she darted through the assembly, until she reached her child: "my boy!" she cried, "Be of good cheer. Your heavenly Father knows your inmost soul, and sees that you are guiltless. We shall lie down together—for think not I can survive you—we shall lie down together to awake with the Lord—my boy—my boy! little did I think to see this bitter day!" exhausted nature could endure no more, and the mother fainted in the arms of her child.

I shall not attempt to describe the situation of my unhappy hero, for words are inadequate to the task. The insensible forms of his mother and beloved Catharine were conveyed from the scene; and when some degree of silence was restored among the sympathising multitude, the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. He had nothing to say to avert it, except a reiterated declaration of his innocence, and he besought the court, that the time previous to his execution might be made as brief as possible, in mercy to his bereaved parent, who would be but dying a continual death, while he survived. It was accordingly fixed to take place on that day three weeks.

## CHAPTER V.

It was near midnight of that important day—that busy throng which the trial had collected together were dispersed, and the moon, high in heaven, was waiving on her silent course, through the clouds of a wintry sky, when Charles Rivington, startled from unquiet slumber, by a fancied noise at the door of his prison, and sitting up in his bed that he might more intently listen, heard his own name whispered from the outer side.

"Will you wake Mr. Charles?" was softly uttered in the sweet accent of our little Irish acquaintance, Judy. "Was there iver the like!" said she, "and he a sleeping at that rate, when his friends are opening the door for him."

"Be quiet, Judy," responded a masculine voice but modulated to its softest tone, "and stand more in the shadow. The Doctor!" Judy woke fast enough, as soon as I git this bolt saved out; but if ye git that tavern keeper's dog a barking, there's no telling but it may wake the jailor, instead of the Doctor."

"And you're right Simmy, dear," responded Judy, "there now, let go with your fingers, man; you can't pull it off that ere way. Here, tak' this bit of a stake for the pry—and now, that's your sort, continued she, adding her strength to his, and a large end of the log to which the fastenings of the door were appended, fell to the ground."

"Now, one more pull Jimmy and the day's our own."

They accordingly made another exertion of united strength, when the prison door flying open, Buckhorn and Judy stood before our prisoner.

"There, Mr. Charles, say nothing at all, at all, about it, but jist tak' Jimmy's nag, that's in the hollow, and get clare as well as you can. There's a steambot, Jimmy says, at St. Louis, going right down the river, and here's all the money that we could git, but it's enough to pay your passage any how," said the affectionate girl, tears standing in her eyes, as she reached to her respected, and as she firmly believed, guiltless master, all her own hoardings, together with the sum which Buckhorn had been accumulating, ever since he became a suitor for her hand.

"You are a kind and excellent girl," answered Rivington, sensibly affected by the heroism and attachment of his domestic, "and you are a noble fellow, Buckhorn; but, you forgot, that by flying I should only confirm those in the belief of my guilt, who are wavering now; besides, I could hardly expect to escape; for my life being forfeit to the law, a proclamation would be immediately issued, and apprehension and death, then as now, would be my doom. No, no, my good friends; you mean me well, but I cannot consent to live, unless I can live with an unsullied name."

"Ah, dear doctor," sobbed out poor Judy, whose heart seemed almost breaking, "whnt's the use of speaking about it? If you stay, you've but a few days to live, and if you tak' your chance now, who knows but the rail murderer may be found out, and then you might come back, Mr. Charles, and all would go well again."

"That is a powerful argument, Judy; but my trust is in Him who beholds all our actions," returned our hero, "and I must confess that I cannot divest myself of the hope, that the truth will

yet be brought to light, before I die the death of a felon."

"Doctor Rivington," said Buckhorn, going up to him and taking him warmly by the hand, "I've been wavering all along about you; but I'm certain now. The man that murdered Silversight in cold blood, wouldn't be a going to stand shilly-shally, and the jail door wide open. I always was dubious about it, though the proof seemed so sure. My nag is down in the hollow, with saddle-bags on him, and Judy filled 'em full of your clothes you may take him, Doctor, if ye will; you may take the money in welcome—but I, that come here to get you clare, advise you to stay; and if I don't find out something to turn the tables before hanging day it sha'n't be because I don't try."

Our hero exchanged with the honest hunter one of those warm pressures of the hand which may be termed the language of the soul, and conveyed to him by the eloquent action, more than he could readily have found words to express. They were now alarmed by the report of two rifles near them, fired in quick succession, and two persons issuing from the shadow of a neighboring horse shed at the same moment, made directly toward the door of the jail, crying out in a loud voice, "the prisoner has broke out! the prisoner has broke out!" Our friends, Judy and Buckhorn, were enabled to make good their retreat, as the object of alarm seemed more to secure the prisoner, than the arrest of his intended deliverers. It was not many minutes before a considerable number of the idle and the curious were collected by this clamor around the insufficient place of confinement, and effectual means were devised to prevent any danger of a further attempt at rescue.

The glimmer of hope which had been lightened up in our hero's heart by the last words of Buckhorn, and the confident manner in which they were uttered, gradually declined, as day after day rolled by, and no traces could be discovered of the real perpetrator of the crime. To add to the anguish of his situation, he learned that his beloved Catharine was confined by a wasting fever, to her bed; and that his mother, though she still bore up, and uttered not a murmur against the Almighty's will, was fast sinking of a broken heart into the grave. The evening previous to the fatal day which was to terminate his earthly career, at length arrived, but brought no cheering promise with it; and the unhappy young man therefore humbling himself before the throne of heaven, and beseeching that mercy there, which he could no longer hope for on earth, devoted a greater part of the night to prayer.

It was on the same evening, in a little mean looking cabin, called "Brown's tavern," in the place which we have before had occasion to speak of as the New Settlement, that two persons were sitting at a table with a bottle of whiskey between them, conversing on the general topic, the execution that was to take place on the morrow, when a third one entered, and calling for a dram, took a seat some distance from them. He was a tall, dark man, dressed in a hunting frock, and buckskin leggings; and held in his hand one of these mongrel weapons, which, partaking of the character both of rifle and musket, are called smooth bores by the hunters of our western frontier, who, generally speaking, hold them in great contempt. The apartment of the little grocery, or tavern, where these three persons were assembled, was lighted, in addition to the blaze of a large wood fire, by a single long-dipped tallow candle, held in an iron candlestick; and its only furniture consisted of the aforementioned table, with the rude benches on which the guests were seated. The conversation had been interrupted by the entry of the third person, but it was now resumed.

"For my part, as I was saying," observed one of the persons, in continuation of some remark he had previously made, "I think the thing's been to hasty. The doctor's character, which every body respected, should have made 'em more cautious how they acted; especially as he wanted 'em to go right on his trail, and said they'd find he'd kept on straight to Mr. Wentworth's. Now he wouldn't ha' told 'em that if 'twasn't so; and I'm half a mind to b'lieve he's not guilty, after all that's been proved again him."

"That's d——d unlikely," said the stranger in a gruff voice.

"Why bless me, Mr. Rumley," continued the first speaker, "I didn't know it was you, you sat so in the dark. How have you been this long time? Let me see—why yes, bless me, so it was—it was you and me that was talking with poor old Silversight, the day he started from here with the money. I haven't seen you since. Wy, aint you a-going to be over in Clairville, to see the doctor hung to-morrow?"

"I don't know whether I shall go or not," replied Rumley.

"Well, I've a great notion to ride over there, though I'm monstrous sorry for the poor man."

"Sorry? the devil!—hang all the cursed yankees I say!" responded the amiable deputy sheriff.

"Come, that's to bad—though I like to see you angry on account of the old man's murder, because ye wasn't very good friends with him when he was alive—but bless me, Mr. Rumley, that powder horn looks mighty like old Silversight's," taking hold of it to examine it as he said so.

"Stand off," said Rumley, "what do you s'pose I'd be doing with the old scoundrel's powder-horn? It's not his—it never was his—he never has seen it?"

"It's a lie!" cried a person who had glided in during the foregoing conversation, and had obtained a view of the horn in question, as the deputy sheriff jerked it away from the sight of the other; "It's a lie, I know it well, I've hun-

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[Continued.]

cheer as amid the revellings of the world, can pierce through the bars of a dungeon, and whisper to the desponding spirit, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Charles Rivington was one of too small number of young men who are not ashamed to be religious; "and verily he had his reward." The mere worldling, similarly situated, would have been loud in imprecations, or dumb with agony; but, he upborne by conscious innocence and knowing that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our heavenly Father, humbled himself in prayer before that Being, "who is mighty to save unto the utmost;" and he arose from the exercise with those tranquilized and invigorated feelings, which are its invariable result.

Nearly two years have elapsed since our hero emigrated to that western region. He was the youngest, and at the time of our narrative, the only son of a widowed mother, who had been doomed to follow successively to the grave, a husband, a lovely daughter, her eldest born, and two fine and promising boys. Sick of the scene where death had made such havoc, and crushed so many fragrant buds of promise, she consented to accompany her sole remaining child to a place where the newness of the country seemed to hold forth greater prospects of success, than was afforded to a young practitioner among the overstocked population of a city. Hitherto her expectations had been amply realized. He who tempers the wind to the short lamb, provided for the Christian heart of that poor widow, a balm of sweetest efficacy. Her son was such a child as mothers pray for; he strove by redoubled filial attentions to supply the place of the lost ones to his parent; and her eyes seldom rested on his manly form, that they did not become watery, from the overflow of gratified maternal love. Their family misfortunes had rendered his mind uncommonly docile; and it was she who planted these seeds of righteousness, which, as we have seen, sprang up and produced goodly fruit.

On the afternoon of her son's commitment, she was sitting in the parlor of the pleasant little house which they occupied, when Judy, an Irish girl, who had lived long in the family, remaining with them through all their trouble, came running, almost breathless, into the apartment.

"Och, mistress, and the Lord bless you," she cried, as soon as she was able to speak, "and preserve your old heart from breaking—but I've got bad news for ye."

"How often, Judy, must I repeat to you," said the pious old lady, interrupting her, "that it was extremely wrong to use the name of your Maker so familiarly on all occasions; 'the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.'"

"Botheration! ma'am, but I's no time to tend to that now."

"Judy!" interrupted Mr. Rivington again, "how can you speak so?"

"Ma'am will you be pleased to hear me?" roared out the servant, at length fully restored to her voice, "are you going to sit here preaching, and let 'em murder Mr. Charles?"

"Charles—gracious Providence!" ejaculated the mother, catching the alarm of the mental, "what is the matter—surely nothing evil has happened to him?"

"Oh, nothing at all, at all mistress," responded Judy, striving to speak calmly that she might not too suddenly shock the trembling parent, then unable to control the feelings she sobbed out, "my poor, dear young master is in prison."

"In prison!" exclaimed the astonished mother, turning quickly to the weeping girl, and grasping her arm—"Judy," said she with the earnestness of agonized apprehension, "tell me the whole truth—you have seen me bear calamity before—what does this mean?"

"Ah, madam, just be quiet," returned the anxious servant; "his only one of them drunken hunters what's kill himself, and the blackguards want to lay it to poor Mr. Charles, because he's a yankee, as they call it, and that's the whole on't."

"My boy accused of murder! my honorable, my pious boy? Father of mercies!" said the pale and agitated mother, sinking on her knees, "if this withered heart is doomed to receive another wound, if my last earthly prop is torn from me, oh! do thou give me strength to bear this greatest of afflictions, and enable me to say, thy will, not mine be done. She rose with renewed composure, and turning to her maid, "get my hat and shawl, Judy," said she, "I'm glad it's no worse; this is but a passing cloud; for he is innocent, and his innocence will soon be manifest. I feared lest he might be sick, or thrown from his horse; but the Lord be praised who hath not tried his servant beyond her strength."

Such was the language of the exemplary Mrs. Rivington, as she walked out that evening, with the intention of visiting her son in prison. We will not accompany her; their meeting was such as will be anticipated from their enlightened and pious characters; and though the good woman was alarmed by the strength of the circumstances adduced against her beloved boy, yet not for a moment was her faith in the justice of the Almighty so shaken, as to permit a fear that the guiltless would suffer. But leaving them mutually striving to strengthen and encourage each other, we will ask the reader to accompany us into the kitchen of Dr. Rivington's house, whither Judy immediately returned on the departure of her mistress.

"She's a noble-hearted woman that's what she is," said the girl, whose admiration was excited by the Christian firmness she had seen exhibited; "she's just the right sort of a miller for such a swart young gentleman as he is; and you, Jimmy," (turning to Brokborn, who sat

with a sorrowing countenance in a corner) "you're a pretty blackguard ar'n't ye, to give information 'just a man what you know niver did harm in his born days. Ah! git along with ye—I'm fairly sick of ye!"

"But, Judy, when we found the rifle laying by the dead body," answered the distressed young man, "I very naturally said to Carlock, that that was the best trial we could have; for I know'd old Silversight had been down in the new settlement, and so, says I, the man what got this 'ere rifle from Dr. Rivington, must be the murderer; but if I'd a know'd it was the Doctor took it out, miss fire but I'd a held my peace, if I never could shoot buck again till I told it. I hardly believe he killed the old fellow, now."

"Now 'pon my honor ye're a great fool," responded the indignant Judy; "you hardly believe it, do you? I tell you what, Jimmy Brokborn, the man as comes a sparking to me, if I set ever so much by him, should niver get my consent, if he was the means of putting the dear young gentleman into limbo, till he contrived ways and means to get him clear again. You don't b'lieve he's guilty? Arrah now Jimmy, I've told you afore I see a sort of liking for you, but I'd sooner b'lieve you had murdered the poor old vagabond, in cold blood, than that Mister Charles did it, if he was ever so provoked."

Brokborn rose from his seat when the fluent and handsome Irish girl had finished her speech and taking her hand, "Judy," said he, "my mug is tired down—but I'll get Bob Miller's. I'll go down and see the Doctor at the jail window, and find which way he went out to the head waters—then I'll follow up his trail from town, and see where he cut off the Wentworth's for his sartin he slept there—and it may turn out that the villain's trail and his are two different ones. If so be that's the truth, I'll keep on the scent till I find out who the rail run is—and there's no time to be lost, for it may come up to snow, and that will fill up the tracks in short order. So, Judy, give me your hand, and there," continued he, kissing the blushing girl's lips, "there, I'll find out who the scamp is, or, in case that's impossible, if Doctor Rivington doesn't git clear, it shall be his own fault."

A heavy fall of snow did unfortunately occur that night, leaving the wide prairies as white and as smooth as unwritten paper, and consequently deprived our culminated hero of the most obvious, and apparently of every mode of substantiating his innocence. His confidence, however, in the Divine protection was undiminished; and nightly, from the silence of his cell, went up the inaudible aspirations of a soul that firmly relied on the goodness and justice of its prayer-hearing Father. Nor did those pious orisons ascend unaccompanied through the still vault of night to the Almighty's ear: the aged mother's contrite heart was poured out in an agony of prayers; the parents of his affianced bride knelt often before the throne of Heaven for the welfare of their slandered boy, as in their affection they called him; and the blue eyes of Catharine wept supplications, and her pure and innocent heart, hitherto untouched by sorrow, except on the occasion of her sister's death, now continually sent unworded and unutterable appeals to her Creator, for her lover's life. In the mean while, week after week rolled by, and the day appointed for trial at length arrived.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

From the American Traveler.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

When the American army retreated from Canada, after the disastrous expedition to the "Three Rivers," it lay some time at Crown Point, while the British army occupied St. Johns. The American General desired to obtain some information in regard to their anticipated movements. Mr. Badger volunteered for the purpose, embarking with three others in a boat he landed near St. John's about dark.

It happened upon that night, a ball was given by the British officers, of which they obtained information from a countryman whom they made prisoner. Leaving him in the boat in custody of two of his party, Badger proceeded with the others into the town, with the view of making prisoner some one of the officers. He was well acquainted with the localities of the town and watching near a house occupied for officers' quarters, at last discovered an officer coming out ready dressed for the ball. They sprang upon him ere he was aware of their presence and with loaded pistols presented at his head, commanded him, in silence, to follow them.

When they reached the boat, a new and bolder idea struck Badger. Being of nearly equal size with the prisoner, he ordered the latter to exchange clothes with him; and determined under the mask of a British uniform to attend the ball and gather what information he could from the conversation of those there present.

The circumstance that many of the officers under Sir Guy Carleton's command had recently joined his army and were personally unknown to each other, favored his design.

He collected from their conversation what intelligence he desired—dressed as long as he pleased, and when tired of that amusement returned to his boat—discharged the countryman; and with his other prisoner returned in triumph to Crown Point. Had he been detected, the fate of Major Andre and of Capt. Hale had been his. But he was more fortunate.

"Mr. Shoemaker, I want you to mend these ere boots for me nice—and 'spos you won't ax no mor' a half price?" "Half price! why, man, your boots can't be mended at all—they are too far gone." "O no they arn't—just put new legs and new feet on them, and I guess they'll do."

Gen. Jackson's Bedstead.—The bedstead used by General Jackson, during his stay in New Orleans, was sold at auction in the French Exchange, on the 15th inst. for one hundred and thirty dollars.

**DIGNITY OF LABOR.**—How often do we see the starchy dandy, or the would-be literateur speaking contemptuously of the laborer, although some of the most illustrious men have followed the plough or lived gaugers. Does God hold the laborer in light esteem? He placed the first human being—whose soul had as yet been undefined by sin, whose frame was uninjured by crime, whose intellect was free from error—in a garden which he was commanded to cultivate. Ay! and he to whom angels ministered—whose glorious God-head was veiled in flesh, whose parent was a controller of suns and creation's destiny—lived for years a carpenter.

It would seem that of all others, a mother was the most proper person to superintend the education of a young female. The maternal watch is vigilant and active; none else can feel the deep and anxious solicitude which marks a mother's care; and yet this very anxiety, by becoming too intense, may be injurious to the child. The quick imagination of the parent seizes upon the most trifling indications of future character, and she is alternately agonized with fear, or delighted with hope. These strong emotions are not favorable to a steady and even course of education; for as one or the other feeling prevails, there is danger of trifling actions becoming the subjects of inadequate blame or praise.

A man in prosperity forgets every one; and in adversity every one forgets him. In prosperity he appears to have lost his senses; and when loaded with misfortunes, he is said never to have had any. In his sudden elevation, he becomes discontented with all the world; and when whirled to the bottom of the wheel of fortune, all the world are discontented with him.

The following anecdote, concerning Dr. Arne, may not perhaps, be known to many of our readers: "two gentlemen having differed in opinion which was the best singer, and it was agreed to leave the case to Dr. Arne, who having heard them both, observed to the last gentleman that sang, 'Sir, without offence, you are the worst singer I ever heard in all my life.' "There, there," exclaimed the other, exultingly, "I told you so, I told you so." "Sir," said the Doctor, "you must not say a word, for you cannot sing at all."

An odd sort of a genius having stopped in a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the rotary movement of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked if he had heard the news.

"Not as I know on," said Jonathan, what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the d—d is dead."

"By jings!" he exclaimed, "is he? who tends the mill?"

Always mind your dots in writing. A Maine Congressman on arriving at Washington, wrote to his wife that he had "formed a connection with a very agreeable *Mess*, and expected to spend the winter very pleasantly. Unfortunately, and greatly to the surprise and mortification of his good lady, he inadvertently dotted the *e* in the word *Mess*. This circumstance came well nigh serving two fond hearts.

A school boy fourteen years of age at a public seminary, being lectured by his tutor for not retaining until morning the lesson he had learned over night, and, being asked the reason, replied, "I don't know, sir, unless it is because I sleep without a night-cap, and it evaporates before the morning."

"Dick," inquired the maid, "have you been arter that are salaratus?" "No, I hant." "If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress." "Well, tell mistress as soon as you please. I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her—you know well enough I'm engaged to Deb."

A coroner's inquest was held before Mace Smith, Esq., at South Boston, yesterday, on the body of Seth Graham, machinist, belonging to the State of Maine, found near Abbott's wharf, with a *junk bottle* by his side, containing *New England rum*! Verdict of the jury; death by exposure caused by intemperance.

Why is the life of an editor like the book of Revelations? Because it is full of "types and shadows," and a mighty voice like the sound of many waters, is ever saying unto him, WRITE.—*New Era*.

A young lady, at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun *bachelor* was singular? She replied immediately, and with much naïveté "because it is very singular that they don't get married."

The loss, sustained by the destruction of the St. Louis Exchange, at New Orleans, is not less than \$700,000, only \$25,000 of which is covered by insurance. It is feared that several lives were lost. Several members of the fire department are missing. One of the firemen had both his legs broken by the fall of a heavy beam, while others were severely bruised. A painful rumor prevailed that a planter from the coast, laboring under indisposition, was unable to leave his room, and perished in the flames.

Gen. Jackson's Bedstead.—The bedstead used by General Jackson, during his stay in New Orleans, was sold at auction in the French Exchange, on the 15th inst. for one hundred and thirty dollars.

In the case of Benjamin Brandreth against B. B. Mussey, in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages of the defendant for counterfeiting his pills—a verdict was taken in the Supreme Court, yesterday, for plaintiff, by agreement, for \$6,283.

It is currently reported and generally believed that Brandreth paid Mussey a large sum to have this verdict entered; and immediately the fact of the verdict was trumpeted forth as establishing the excellence of Brandreth's Pills.—This may be called the quackery of law.—*Boston Ado*.

**THE LION ROARS LOUDEST WHEN THE MOST FRIGHTENED.**—In the commencement of the American Revolution, when one of the British King's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company in Philadelphia; a member of Congress who was present, turning to Miss Livingston said, "well, Miss, are you greatly terrified at the roaring of the British Lion?" "Not at all, sir, for I have learned from natural history, that a *beast roars loudest when he is most frightened*."

**ESCAPE FROM DEATH.**—A man was buried alive, by the caving in of a well, on the 30th ult. at Verplank's Point, N. Y. He remained covered up for twenty-four hours, at the end of which time he was disinterred, and was found to be alive, and in none the worse condition for his temporary absence from "the warm precincts of the cheerful day."—*Post*.

A crow, or what appears to be of that species of bird, with white wings, has been seen in Middleboro, Mass., and vicinity for several months past. Its body is as black as other crows, and keeps in company with them, has the same habits, and in all respects resembles them except its wings, which are entirely white.

**RATHER CUTTING.**—A Lawyer in New York, recently sued a client for a fee charge of \$100, but he recovered only \$10. All lawyer's fees were thus cut down, we should probably see fewer signboards, with the word "office" upon them, and fewer green bags wending towards the Court House.

**NEW ORLEANS BRANCH MINT.**—The New Orleans Mint began operations in December last, and to the 1st instant has coined 9,396 quarter eagles, 18,000 half dollars, 130,000 dimes, and 160,000 half dimes making 317,396 pieces, and amounting to \$53,490.

It is said that a vessel sailed from Boston for Smyrna, the other day, having on board twenty thousand gallons of N. E. R. The Sultan of Turkey had better pass a fifteen gallon law forthwith.

**MAINE BOTANIC INFIRMARY, WESTBROOK, MAINE.**

**GEORGE BAILEY** WOULD inform the friends of the THOMSONIAN SYSTEM of Medicine, and all others who prefer the health restoring remedies of this practice, to the life-depleting minerals of the old, that he continues to receive patients at his

**INFIRMARY,** where every exertion, for the promotion of their health and comfort, will be made by himself personally, and by his assistants. Diseases of all kinds (except contagious, and of which are admitted) are treated with unsurpassed success.

Patients given up by the Faculty, as incurable, should be preferred. A full assortment of THOMSONIAN MEDICINES, in crude and prepared states, and at the best quality, constantly on hand.

\* Terms—Three dollars for a Course of Medicine, with or without Vapor Baths; three dollars per week for Board.

Maine Botanic Infirmary, Westbrook, February 10, 1840. 3m27

**Commissioners' Notice.** THE subscribers having been appointed, by Lyman Ford, Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Dana Kidder, late of Dixfield, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from the 7th day of January last, are allowed them to bring in and prove their claims, and that the subscribers will, for that purpose, be in session at the house of John J. Holman, Esq. in said Dixfield, on Saturday the 27th day of June next, and Monday the 6th day of July next, from two to four o'clock, P. M.

JOHN J. HOLMAN, ISAAC WALT, Commissioners. Dixfield, Feb. 10, 1840. 3w23

**STATE OF MAINE.** RESOLVE IN RELATION TO MILITARY PENSIONS. RESOLVED, That the Committee on Military Pensions, be and they hereby are, instructed to adopt the same as practicable, in all applications for pecuniary relief in cases of injuries received in the actual service of the State, for protection of the North Eastern Frontier, as are provided by an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to provide for persons who were disabled by known wounds received in the revolutionary war," passed April 10th, 1806.

In the House of Representatives, February 7, 1840. Read and passed. CHAS. ANDREWS, Speaker, Pro tem. In Senate, February 6, 1840. Read and passed. STEPHEN C. FOSTER, President, February 12, 1840—Approved. JOHN FAIRFIELD.

Secretary's Office, Augusta, Feb. 12, 1840. I certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original in this Department. Attest: PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Secretary of State.

In pursuance of an Order of the Legislature, the following of all public newspapers which publish the Laws of this State, are requested to publish the foregoing Resolve. PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Sec'y of State.

**CAUTION.**—All persons are hereby forbid harbor or trusting JESSE MORGAN, an indebted apprentice, bound to me by the Overseers of the Work House in Portland, on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date, he having left me without sufficient cause. JARED YOUNG, Paris, Feb. 8, 1840. 3w23

## ON THE SMALL POX.

### To the Citizens of Boston & State of Massachusetts.

**SMALL POX** is a complaint more attendant on childhood than any other disease of life; the human species, however, is subject to it at any period of existence. The cause of this disease does really consist in a portion of the worst kind of humors having become mixed with the circulation of the blood, either from contagion or otherwise. It is this humor which produces shivering, fever, heaviness, weakness, and pains over the body, because the circulation is impeded; and its natural course disordered by the bad humors. This is the first period.

The blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance of disease, fights against these impurities, and carries them to the capillary vessels in order to cause an eruption and thus to throw out these humors. This is the second period.

The skin is covered with pustules (miliary pimples) in more or less quantity according to the previous healthy or unhealthy condition of the body. After these pimples come out, the fever subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry and fall into dust. This is the third period.

The Small Pox is a deadly or mild, according to the malignity of the contagion or the bad nature of the humors of the patient; if he was sickly before, and his humors in a corrupt state, he is infinitely more exposed to danger than if he had enjoyed perfect health before the attack; for the blood being weighed down by the previous corrupt state of the humors, has not the power to resist the disease—and in this case the result must, therefore, be mortal, provided no preventive course has been employed; for the third period cannot take place in consequence of the blood not having the power to throw the humors out, so as to form pustules.

**The Preventive Course.** When the contagion has spread in the City or Country, the sooner every one commences purging the body by purgation, the better; and should any of the above symptoms present themselves just take the Brandreth Pills every twelve hours, as far as to produce powerful evacuation, supposing that the fever does not come from the Small Pox, the patient will get rid of the disease, no matter how violent, and the subject in and as to health will be the same. At the second period, and while the eruption continues, even if the various eruptions takes place, the Pills must be continued so as to produce good evacuations daily.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will also prevent any scars from being made, or any internal ulcers, or swelling of the humors. By this means the crisis takes its course, and whether the humors are slightly corrupted or strongly depraved, the life of the patient is equally free from danger. And in case of any new attack of pain, or any signs of relapse from cold or otherwise, the purgation must be repeated in the interval of the drying of the humors.

By thus evacuating the corrupting humors which produce holes in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient cured by this practice will not be exposed to the different inconveniences which are so often the consequences of this disease.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common cold. There would be no vaccination or vaccination either—people would be no wiser than they are now. My own established plan would be to remove EXTRACTS, and without danger, by simply evacuating the bowels and thus purging the blood until the disease was cured. Three or four days of this practice, how many weeks, months, or years, of sickness might it not prevent! Fathers and mothers of families, reflect upon these things and be advised in time. Should vaccination be decided upon, the Pills, but for my part I do not think much is gained by vaccination; however, by the use of the Pills, and in danger can result from it or inoculation or the genuine Small Pox. All will be well if purgation be resorted to so as to produce a recrudescence of the humors.

Our obedient servant, B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

N. B. Be careful and never purchase Pills of a Druggist professing to be Brandreth's Pills, under any circumstances, as any one of this class made an Agent. My own established agent, late EXTRAORDINARY EXAMINER, Certificate, signed by B. Brandreth, M. D., is my own hand written. This certificate is renewed yearly, and when ever twelve months old it no longer guarantees the genuineness of the medicine. It would be well, therefore, for purchasers to carefully examine the Certificate. The seal is not wax, but embossed in gold on the paper with a steel seal.

If the genuine medicine is obtained there is no doubt of its giving perfect satisfaction, and if all who want it are careful to go by the above directions there is but little danger but they will obtain it.

Sole Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office, 19 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS, Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY, Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. Buy of them and avoid deception.

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW. So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr. Buckfield—A. F. Cole. Rumford—O. C. Felt. Andover—J. N. & C. Stanley, Jay—J. Felt. Bethel—J. R. Kimball. Livermore—Britton & Morrison. N. " J. Coolidge. " " Kimball & Walker. " " Kimball & Walker. Harford—Hall & Hurd. Greenwood—Welcome Kimbley. Albany—Lorrey & French. Turner—Philo Clark. Norway—Julius Goodnow. Lovell—James Walker. Waterville—Noyes & Noble. S. " R. H. Gray. Sweden—Benjamin Noyes. Fryburg—H. C. Russell. Porter—John Higgins. Hiram—Jesse H. Butterfield. Canton Mills—J. M. Deaton. Oxford—Charles Daniel.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D. 241 Broadway, N. Y. Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills, copy 27

**J. T. CLARK, SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK MAKER,** HAS taken the stand formerly occupied by N. M. MARBLE, where will be found a good assortment of Harness work, which he will sell cheap for Cash or Country Produce.

600 bushels of OATS wanted in exchange for the above, for which the highest price will be paid. Paris, Dec. 10, 1839. 1717

**ANDREW THOMPSON, TAILOR.** RESPECTFULLY informs the Inhabitants of Paris and vicinity that he has taken a Shop near Messrs. Crocker & Shaw's Store, on Paris-Hill, where all business in his line will be promptly and faithfully attended to. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Cutting done at short notice. Paris, August, 15 1839. 17

**WANTED**—An Apprentice at the Edge Tool business, by the subscriber, at Gray's. W. G. ORNE. Gray, Feb. 17, 1840. 3w23

**ISAAC RANDALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW,** DIXFIELD, ME.



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## BOOK & JOB PRINTING

Executed with neatness and despatch.

## RECREATION.

### THE RIFLE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEGGOTT.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER IV.

"Foul deeds will rise."

"Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to try men's eyes."

Richard III.

The little village in which the sessions of the circuit court was held, and which, for the sake of a name, we will call Clairville, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it, termed "the public square," in which stood a building answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of meeting-house, when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country. It fronted on the public road. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small, one story edifice, about twelve feet square, and like the Court-House, built of large hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. A large brick house, the only one in town, was situated on the rear of the square, and was occupied as a hotel, as the traveller was informed by a huge sign suspended from a post at the road side, where was conspicuously written, in great yellow letters, beneath a burlesque likeness of George Washington, "Entertainment for man and horse." A little further up the road, or Main street, as it was called, though there was but one in the village, on the opposite side, was another tavern of more humble appearance than the first. It was around these two places of public entertainment, that a numerous assemblage of persons collected on the morning when the important trial was to take place, all eagerly conversing on the crime of which the prisoner was supposed to be guilty; and many of them uttering no very moderate anathemas against the yankees, whom they pretended to consider *en masse*, as rogues and cheats, and who, at least, were coming into the country to break up their old manners and customs. The women, who were plentifully sprinkled among them, seemed very willing to join in the general clamor.

"There's a monstrous fidgety people, say the least of them," observed the large fat wife of a farmer, and her sleepy eyes and unmeaning face assumed something like angry vivacity as she spoke. "They want a heap of waitin' on, and you don't git no thanks after all. Now there was old Wentworth—he tarried with us, you know, Carlock, on account of his d'n'er, when he first cum out here. Good coffee wasn't good enough for 'em; they must have a little tea, to be sure. So I sent Johnny down to the settlement to git some, and took a heap of pains to cook the truck—and what do you think? they wouldn't eat a bit on't after all. I don't much wonder, neither, for 'twas bitter, nasty trash as I'd wish to taste. But it's always the way with 'em. They make trouble just for nothing."

The remarks of the indignant woman were fully concurred in by most of her simple and unsophisticated hearers; but there was one among them who was obliged to thrust his tongue into his cheek, and turn aside to prevent the dame from seeing his laughter. He was the merchant's clerk, and had heard the story before. The fact was, that having never used the article of tea in her life, the poor woman had caused a pound of it to be purchased, and boiling it all in a kettle, had served it up to her guests as greens for dinner.

"They tell," said a farmer, who had the reputation of being a wit among his fellows, and whose linsy woolsey coat contrasted strangely with a printed calico shirt, the collar of which was ostentatiously displayed—"They tell that old Silversight had a power of money when he was killed. It's kill or cure with these yankee doctors, any how; but that was the queerest pill to give a patient I ever heard of; and he took the trouble of your hands, Carlock, and paid the bill himself, out of the dead man's pocket, hey?"

Such is a specimen of the idle talk with which the crowd amused themselves until the Court at length assembled, when after the usual preliminaries, the important trial commenced. The prisoner had been supplied by his anxious and affectionate parent with all the little comforts which the narrow apartment admitted of, except fire and candles; they being forbidden on account of the material of which the jail was constructed. But the coldness of the weather had been excessive, during a part of the time that he was the occupant of that dreary abode; and the boundaries of his cell not allowing of much exercise, a sickness fastened upon him, which, though not dangerous in its nature, had rendered him thin and pale. He came into the Court arm in arm with the attorney who was employed to plead his cause; and slightly bowing to those whose friendly salute indicated that they believed him innocent, he passed through the crowd and took a seat beside the lawyers within the bar.

From the high and exemplary character which he had sustained invariably, from his first settling in the place, until the present black suspicion rested on him, a degree of intuitive respect was accorded by all, that must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. A plea of not guilty was entered, and the examination of witnesses commenced.

George Carlock was the nephew of the deceased. On the night of the sixteenth of December, he was surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with the saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped for a while, perhaps, at Buckhorn's, who lived a mile or so further down the timber; but as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of trailing the horse. He called for Buckhorn, they upon the trail, followed it till they had found the dead body. Two young men who had joined them at Buckhorn's returned with the body, they continuing on the trail. It led them to Mr. Wentworth's. They inquired if any person had been there, that crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered that Dr. Rivington had crossed the stream and remained the night with them. That Mr. Rumley, the deputy sheriff, had also remained the night, but that he came from further up on the same side. They followed on the trail, and found that there was a tract from further up, most likely Mr. Rumley's. They continued on the track till they arrived in town. Being informed by Mr. Drill, the gunsmith, that Dr. Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

James Buckhorn's testimony was in full corroboration of the preceding. He mentioned in addition, that he examined the lock and barrel of his rifle, on finding it lying near the murdered man, and discovered that it had certainly been discharged but a short time before.

The gunsmith deposed to his having given the rifle to the prisoner, on his offering to carry it out to Buckhorn, and that it had been discharged since.

"Mr. Drill," said Lawyer Blandley, who was counsel for our hero, "you mention having given the gun to Dr. Rivington; did you also give him a bullet that would fit the bore?"

"I did not."

"Did he exhibit any anxiety to obtain the weapon?" again asked the lawyer.

"By no means," replied the gunsmith, "I considered at the time that Doctor's offer was one of mere kindness; and he had previously mentioned that he was going out that way to visit his patients."

"The bore of this rifle, Mr. Drill," continued the sagacious lawyer, "is very small. I presume that your are familiar with the size and qualities of all that are owned on the road out to Buckhorn's. Is there any house at which Dr. Rivington could have stopped and procured a ball of sufficient smallness?"

"John Gundry's rifle," answered Mr. Drill, "carries eighty-seven or eighty to the pound, and one of his bullets with a thick patch, would suit Buckhorn's pretty well. That is the only one any where near the size."

"The Attorney for the people here asked another question."

"For what purpose, sir, did the prisoner go into your shop, on the morning of the sixteenth of December?"

"I was employed in repairing a pair of pocket pistols for him, and fitting a bullet mould to them. He came in, I believe, to inquire if they were finished."

"Please to note that answer, gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting attorney. "Mr. Drill, you may stand aside."

Samuel Cochran was next called. He was one of the young men who had returned with the body of Silversight. On his way back, and about two hundred yards from the place where the murder had been committed, he found a copper powder flask, (which was shown to him and he identified it) the letters C. R. M. D. being cut upon one of its sides, apparently with a knife. There was but one more witness on the part of the people, Mr. Lawton, the magistrate before whom the unfortunate prisoner had been examined. He testified as to the facts which were deposed before him, together with the acknowledgment of Dr. Rivington that he had been in company with Mr. Silversight, &c. But we may pass over these circumstances, as the reader is already acquainted with them.

The prisoner was now put on his defence; and all that talent and ingenuity could devise, was done by his skillful counsel. The witnesses were cross-examined; but their answers were uniformly the same. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character, but their evidence was rendered unnecessary by the attorney for the people admitting in unequivocal terms, that previous to this horrid occurrence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. At length, wearied by his exertions, and distressed at their result, Mr. Blandley discontinued his examination; he had one more weapon to try in behalf of his client—the powerful one of eloquence; and it was used by a master of the art, but alas! was used in vain. He dwelt much on the fact that his unfortunate client had wished his route to be trailed from the village, and that Buckhorn had started for the purpose, when the disastrous snow storm occurred, and took away the only hope he had of proving his innocence. He cited many cases to the jury in which circumstances, even stronger than these, had been falsified, when their victim, murdered by their laws, was slumbering

in his grave. He appealed to them as parents to know if they would believe, that a son, who had been without stain or blemish, could suddenly turn aside from the path of rectitude and honor, to commit such an atrocious crime? But it would be useless to recapitulate the arguments that were made use of on this interesting occasion—they were ineffectual.

The attorney for the prosecution summed up very briefly. He assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder flask, such as the eastern people principally use, had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree engraved upon it C. R., M. D. Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine. The trail is pursued, and it leads them to the house of Mr. Wentworth, where the prisoner arrived on the evening of the bloody deed, and remained all night. They continue on the trail, till at last they find him, with greedy eyes, bending over the plunder that he had torn from his grey haired victim. "Such," concluded he, "is a rapid outline of the facts; and deeply as I deplore the wretched young man's guilt, yet, believing him guilty, it is my sacred duty to display his enormity—but further than the imperious call of justice requires, I will not—I cannot."

The charge of the judge, who was evidently very much affected, occupied but a few minutes; and the jury retired to make up their verdict. I have already told the reader that the prisoner was pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his exposed situation in the prison; but the appalling events of the trial had caused no alteration in his appearance. He sat firm and collected, and there was a melancholy sweetness in the expression of his countenance which told that all was calm within. Indeed, the awful coincidence of the circumstances had been made fully known to him, before he came into court; he was convinced unless the interposing arm of heaven should prevent the blow, that death and ignominy must fall up him, and after a severe internal conflict, he had become enabled to say, "This will be done."

His mother, by the assistance of that never failing comfort in sorrow, religion, had hitherto supported, with something like resignation to the divine will, this greatest earthly calamity. In compliance with the earnest request of her son, who was fearful that the feelings of nature might become too strong for control, and who wished to behave with manliness and equanimity through the trying period, she refrained from going to court, on the day that was to decide, in a great measure, her mortal destiny.

Seated in the little parlor of their dwelling together with the weeping Catharine, the strength of whose love had drawn her to the spot, and awaiting with intense anxiety the issue of the long hour, was the mother of Charles Rivington, at the time which I have brought my narrative.—She started at each noise that reached her ear, and every breeze that shook the casement seemed laden with the awful sentence of the law against her son. And yet that noble woman, though torn by the deep and awful solicitude which only a mother's heart can know, strove to speak the words of comfort to the lovely being beside her, whose affectionate bosom seemed bursting with affection.

"Weep not so bitterly," she said, "Catharine, my dear child; alas! I soon may have no other child than you. But no; the Searcher of hearts knows that Charles is guiltless, and will yet put forth his arm to save. What sound was that? I am wrong to distrust his goodness; yet this is a heavy, heavy hour. I have knelt, Catharine, at the bedside of three lovely children, three little human blossoms, that death untimely cropped, and was enabled to bow with resignation to the inscrutable decree.—But this, oh my Father," groaned the tortured parent, "suffer this bitterest cup to pass from me. Catharine, dry your tears: He whose powerful hand led forth unharmed from the fiery furnace, the three that would not renounce his name, will yet deliver my boy from the toils that are around us."

At this moment Judy was seen from the window running rapidly toward the house and directly after, pale and breathless, entered the apartment.

"Judy!" faintly cried the agonised parent trembling in every nerve, but unable to utter more.

"An', madam," responded the servant, "I know what you'd be asking me—'lak' comfort, it's no decided yet; the juries has just gone up stairs, to talk it over among themselves; and bless their sweet souls, they cried a'most as I did myself when Mr. Blandley spoke to 'em. Ah, he's a nice gentleman, and he knows exactly what kind of body, Mister Charles is. He described him just for all the world as I would, only I couldn't use such words."

"The jury went—there is hope, then, Judy?" inquired the parent in a faltering voice.

"Wept did they? yes, and the judge, and Mr. Wentworth could scarce give his evidence for crying—and they all cried, except Mr. Charles himself. He looked pale and sorrowful, but there was no blubbering about him. I never see'd him look so elegant afore. But I jist rin here to till you how things was going on: I'll go back, and find what them juries says. I hope they may never be able to open their ugly mouths, till it's just to spake the word 'innocent.'"

"Stop, Judy," said Mrs. Rivington, feeling unable to endure the horrors of another period of suspense. "I will go with you; I trust that heaven will give me strength to bear the issue, even should it be the worst that can befall!"

"Ye had better not, my dear mistress," replied the devoted servant; "for there are hard-hearted people about the place that b'lieve he's

guilty, because he's a Yankee—oddsrot their saucy tongues—and they moult jeer at ye, because ye're his mother."

"They cannot—at any rate, I will go forth," said the afflicted woman, "he's my own, true, pious, noble-hearted boy; and his mother will be by to whisper consolation in his ear, though every tongue were loud in mockery and revilings."

"And I will go with you, mother," said Catharine, rising from her chair, and drying her tears, "I know he is innocent—and should the worst come, it is better to bear it at once, than linger here in such protracted anguish."

The assembled crowd was still anxiously awaiting the return of the verdict, when the mother of Charles Rivington, leaning on the arm of Catharine Wentworth, entered the court house of Clairville. A passage was instantly opened for them with that intuitive respect which almost all men are ready to yield to misfortune, even when accompanied by guilt. They had not been long seated, in a part of the room where they could be most screened from observation, when the jury returned, and handing a sealed verdict to the clerk, resumed their places. The clerk rose, and read in a faltering voice, "we find the prisoner, Charles Rivington, guilty." The words had scarcely left his lips, when a piercing shriek ran through the apartment, and Catharine Wentworth fell lifeless to the floor. Not so with that Christian mother—with unwonted strength she darted through the assembly, until she reached her child: "my boy!" she cried, "Be of good cheer. Your heavenly Father knows your inmost soul, and sees that you are guiltless. We shall lie down together—for think not I can survive you—we shall lie down together to awake with the Lord—my boy—my boy! little did I think to see this bitter day!" exhausted nature could endure no more, and the mother fainted in the arms of her child.

I shall not attempt to describe the situation of my unhappy hero, for words are inadequate to the task. The insensible forms of his mother and beloved Catharine were conveyed from the scene: and when some degree of silence was restored among the sympathising multitude, the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. He had nothing to say to avert it, except a reiterated declaration of his innocence, and he besought the court, that the time previous to his execution might be made as brief as possible, in mercy to his bereaved parent, who would be but dying a continual death, while he survived. It was accordingly fixed to take place on that day three weeks.

## CHAPTER V.

It was near midnight of that important day—that busy throng which the trial had collected together were dispersed, and the moon, high in heaven, was waning on her silent course, through the clouds of a wintry sky, when Charles Rivington, startled from unquiet slumber, by a fancied noise at the door of his prison, and sitting up in his bed that he might more intently listen, heard his own name whispered from the outer side.

"Will you wake Mr. Charles?" was softly uttered in the sweet accent of our little Irish acquaintance, Judy. "Was there ever like I?" said she, "and he a sleeping at that rate, when his friends are opening the door for him."

"Be quiet, Judy," responded a masculine voice but modulated to its softest tone, "and stand more in the shadow. The Doctor'll wake fast enough, as soon as I git this bolt sawed out; but if ye gin that tavern keeper's dog a barking, there's no telling but it may wake the jailor, instead of the Doctor."

"And you're right Simmy, dear," responded Judy, "there now, let go with your fingers, man; you can't pull it off that ere way. Here, tak' this bit of a stake for the pry—and now, that's your sort, continued she, adding her strength to his, and a large end of the log to which the fastenings of the door were appended, fell to the ground.—"Now, one more pull Jimmy and the day's our own."

They accordingly made another exertion of united strength, when the prison door flying open Buckhorn and Judy stood before our prisoner.

"There, Mr. Charles, say nothing at all, at all, at all, but jist take Jimmy's nag, that's in the hollow, and get clare as well as you can. There's a steamboat, Jimmy says, at St. Louis, going right down the river, and here's all the money that we could git, but it's enough to pay your passage any how," said the affectionate girl, tears standing in her eyes, as she reached to her respected, and as she firmly believed, guiltless master, all her own hoardings, together with the sum which Buckhorn had been accumulating, ever since he became a suitor for her hand.

"You are a kind and excellent girl," answered Rivington, sensibly affected by the heroism and attachment of his domestic, "and you are a noble fellow, Buckhorn; but, you forgot, that by flying I should only confirm those in the belief of my guilt, who are wavering now; besides, I could hardly expect to escape; for my life being forfeit to the law, a proclamation would be immediately issued, and apprehension and death, then, as now, would be my doom. No, no, my good friends; you mean me well but I cannot consent to live, unless I can live with an unsullied name."

"Ah, dear doctor," sobbed out poor Judy, whose heart seemed almost breaking, "what's the use of speaking about it? If you stay, you've but a few days to live, and if you tak' your chance now, who knows but the rail murderer may be found out, and then you might come back, Mr. Charles, and all would go well again."

"That is a powerful argument, Judy; but my trust is in Him who beholds all our actions," returned our hero, "and I must confess that I cannot divest myself of the hope, that the truth will

yet be brought to light, before I die the death of a felon."

"Doctor Rivington," said Buckhorn, going up to him and taking him warmly by the hand, "I've been wavering all along about you; but I'm certain now. The man that murdered Silversight in cold blood, wouldn't be a going to stand shilly-shally, and the jail door wide open. I always was dubious about it, though the proof seemed so sure. My nag is down in the hollow, with saddle-bags on him, and Judy filled 'em full of your clothes you may take him, Doctor, if ye will; you may take the money in welcome—but I, that come here to get you cl'ar, advise you to stay; and if I don't find out somethin' to turn the tables before hanging day it sha'n't be because I don't try."

Our hero exchanged with the honest hunter one of those warm pressures of the hand which may be termed the language of the soul, and conveyed to him by the eloquent action, more than he could readily have found words to express.—They were now alarmed by the report of two rifles near them, fired in quick succession, and two persons issuing from the shadow of a neighboring horse shed at the same moment, made directly toward the door of the jail, crying out in a loud voice, "the prisoner has broke out! the prisoner has broke out!" Our friends, Judy and Buckhorn, were enabled to make good their retreat, as the object of alarm seemed more to secure the prisoner, than the arrest of his intended deliverers. It was not many minutes before a considerable number of the idle and the curious were collected by this clamor around the insufficient place of confinement, and effectual means were devised to prevent any danger of a further attempt at rescue.

The glimmer of hope which had been lightened up in our hero's heart by the last words of Buckhorn, and the confident manner in which they were uttered, gradually declined, as day after day rolled by, and no traces could be discovered of the real perpetrator of the crime. To add to the anguish of his situation, he learned that his beloved Catharine was confined by a wasting fever, to her bed; and that his mother, though she still bore up, and uttered not a murmur against the Almighty's will, was fast sinking of a broken heart into the grave. The evening previous to the fatal day which was to terminate his earthly career, at length arrived, but, brought no cheering promise with it; and the unhappy young man therefore humbling himself before the throne of heaven, and beseeching that mercy there, which he could no longer hope for on earth, devoted a greater part of the night to prayer.

It was on the same evening, in a little mean looking cabin, called "Brown's tavern," in the place which we have before had occasion to speak of as the New Settlement, that two persons were sitting at a table with a bottle of whiskey between them, conversing on the general topic, the execution that was to take place on the morrow, when a third one entered, and calling for a dram, took a seat some distance from them. He was a tall, dark man, dressed in a hunting frock, and buckskin leggings; and held in his hand one of these mongrel weapons, which, partaking of the character both of rifle and musket, are called smooth bores by the hunters of our western frontier, who, generally speaking, hold them in great contempt. The apartment of the little grocery, or tavern, where these three persons were assembled, was lighted, in addition to the blaze of a large wood fire, by a single long-dipped tallow candle, held in an iron candlestick; and its only furniture consisted of the aforementioned table, with the rude benches on which the guests were seated. The conversation had been interrupted by the entry of the third person, but it was now resumed.

"For my part, as I was saying," observed one of the persons, in continuation of some remark he had previously made, "I think the thing's been to hasty. The doctor's character, which every body respected, should have made 'em more cautious how they acted; especially as he wanted 'em to go right out on his trail, and said they'd find he'd kept on straight to Mr. Wentworth's. Now he wouldn't ha' told 'em that if 'twasn't so; and I'm half a mind to b'lieve he's not guilty, after all that's been proved agin him."

"That's d——d unlikely," said the stranger in a gruff voice.

"Why bless me, Mr. Rumley," continued the first speaker, "I didn't know it was you, you sat so in the dark. How have you been this long time? Let me see—why yes, bless me, so it was—it was you and me that was talking with poor old Silversight, the day he started from here with the money. I havn't seen you since. Wy, aint you a-going to be over in Clairville, to see the doctor hung to-morrow."

"I don't know whether I shall go or not," replied Rumley.

"Well, I've a great notion to ride over there, though I'm monstrous sorry for the poor man."

"Sorry? the devil!—hang all the cursed yankees I say!" responded the amiable deputy sheriff.

"Come, that's to bad—though I like to see you angry on account of the old man's murder, because ye wasn't very good friends with him when he was alive—but bless me, Mr. Rumley, that powder horn looks mighty like old Silversight's," taking hold of it to examine it as he said so.

"Stand off," said Rumley, "what do you s'pose I'd be doing with the old scoundrel's powder-horn? It's not his—it never was his—he never has seen it!"

"It's a lie!" cried a person who had glided in during the foregoing conversation, and had obtained a view of the horn in question, as the deputy sheriff jerked it away from the sight of the other; "It's a lie, I know it well, I've ham-

[See fourth Page.]



# DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Agreeably to previous notice, the Democratic members of the Legislature of this State, assembled in the Representatives' Hall, on Thursday evening, March 5, 1840.

Mr. John of Hartford, called the Convention to order.

The convention was then organized by the choice of Hon. Stephen C. Foster, President, and John W. Dana, and Benjamin D. Eastman, Secretaries.

On motion of Mr. Hamlin of Hampden, Voted, That the members of the Executive Council, and other Democrats present, be invited to participate in the deliberations and doings of the Convention.

On motion of Mr. Carey of Houlton, Voted, That a Committee of five be appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate to be supported for Governor for the ensuing year.

Messrs. Carey of Houlton, Barker of York, Gross of Cumberland, Wilson of Thomaston, and J. P. Haines of Passadumkeag, were appointed said Committee.

On motion of Mr. Perkins of the Senate, a committee of seven was appointed to draft and report Resolutions for the consideration of the Convention.

Messrs. Perkins of York, Hammons of Oxford, Delesdernier of Baileyville, Robinson of Corinth, Blackstone of Belfast, Weeks of Clinton, and Otis of St. George, were appointed said committee.

The committee appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for a candidate to be supported for Governor at the next annual election, having attended to that duty, reported.

That the whole number of votes thrown, was one hundred and sixty-six, all of which were for JOHN FAIRFIELD.

On motion of Mr. Shaw of the Senate, Voted, That a committee, consisting of one from each County, be chosen to wait upon the Hon. JOHN FAIRFIELD, to inform him of his nomination by this Convention.

Messrs. Shaw of York, Merrill of Waldo, Millett of Minot, Main of Belgrade, Prince of Buckfield, Kelsey of Calais, Blake of Penobscot, Hill of New Portland, Kimball of Thomaston, Caswell of Farmington, Dundy of Sangerville, Lake of Bucksport, and Leavitt of Smyrna, were appointed said Committee.

The committee having attended to the duty assigned them, reported, That the Hon. JOHN FAIRFIELD had signified his acceptance of the nomination of the Convention, in a written communication, which they asked leave to lay upon the table.

The communication was then read, and is as follows:—

To the Democratic members of both Branches of the Legislature, now assembled in Convention. Gentlemen, I am informed by your committee that you have been pleased again to nominate me for the office of Governor, and request an answer. I am truly grateful, gentlemen, for this renewed expression of the confidence of my fellow citizens, and if you believed that our common principles, and the public good, can be promoted by again using my name as a candidate, you are at perfect liberty so to do. I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, Your fellow citizen, JOHN FAIRFIELD.

On motion of Mr. Bradley of Penobscot, Voted, That a committee of five be appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for two candidates to be supported for electors at large, of President and Vice President.

Messrs. Bradley of Penobscot, Bolster of Oxford, Foster of Freedom, Lord of South Berwick and Shaw of Windham, were chosen said committee.

This committee, having attended to the duty assigned them, reported,

The whole number of votes thrown, were 150, of which JONATHAN P. ROGERS and JOB PRINCE, each had 149, and were nominated.

The following gentleman were appointed as Delegates to the Baltimore Convention:—

John T. Paine of Sanford, Hannibal Hamlin of Hampden, John G. Perkins of Kennebecport, John Anderson of Portland, Edward O'Brien of Warren, Ezekiel Williams of Castine, Samuel Wells of Hallowell, David Hammons of Lovell, James Bell of Monson, Alfred Marshall of China.

Mr. Perkins, from the committee, appointed to draft Resolutions for the consideration of the Convention, reported the following, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the blessings of civil and religious liberty, under the allotments of Providence, have fallen to us in pleasant places, and are the legitimate offspring of our inalienable rights, recognized and guaranteed under the Constitution of our Government; and, as American citizens, we are bound to guard them, with an eye of vigilance, and protect them, with an arm of patriotic devotion, in gratitude for their inheritance, and in fidelity to ourselves and our posterity.

Resolved, That in the enjoyment of our political rights, upon the broad platform, "of the greatest good to the greatest number," we have found as well as our Fathers, that we must encounter a spirit of monopoly, that would confer this good upon the few. Hence a division into political parties, and the unceasing struggle between them for the prevalence of principles, and for power to carry them out in the administration of the Government.

Resolved, That even common observers can identify in the political action of our opponents, this spirit of monopoly, and nursery of an aristocracy, and that an appeal to history will show, that as a party, they have ever been the advocates of the privileged classes, pleading the validity, and paramount obligation of their chartered rights and privileges, while the Democratic party, animated with a spirit of anti-monopoly, have boldly pleaded the cause of equal rights, and common privileges, guaranteed under their great American charter, the Constitution.

Resolved, That Democracy, abhors this spirit of monopoly, with all its legitimate offspring of privileged classes, and excludes it under all its

disguises. Under the assumed name of "National Republican," it attempted in vain to hide its political deformities, and with no better success, has it seized upon the patriotic name of "Whig."

Resolved, That Democracy acknowledges, among her sons, no privileged classes, save those distinguished for virtue and intelligence, who have, always, the privilege, without regard to origin, of raising themselves, or of being raised according to their respective merits, to her highest gifts of trust and honor.

Resolved, That we protest against the recent Federal perversion of the names of "Whig," and "Tory." As we cherish the memory of our patriot fathers with respect and veneration, who bore the name of Whig, we object to the illegitimate use of it, by the Federal party, in taking it to themselves, and thus desecrating it, and doing it, to dishonor and shame. We also object to their calling us by the name of "Tory," chiefly because, as a name of merited infamy, they would wipe away its reproach, which they have, so long and so justly borne, and thus make it a name of honor, by their despicable stratagem.

Resolved, That we cheerfully accord to our Federal opponents, the exclusive right, under their avowed policy of "availability," to adopt the noted sentiment of their late Chief, and distinguished Leader, as a maxim for their political conduct, to wit,

"If we cannot alter things, By — we'll change their names Sir."

But so long as they remain the same unchanged party, we shall hold them to their old name of "Federalist," which they bore of choice, as long as they had the honesty to avow their own principles.

Resolved, That time and space would fail us, to advert to the innumerable humbug expedients of our political opponents, to keep up the drooping spirits, and waning fortunes of their party. They have severally had their day—and where are they? Being the worse for wear, and they are consigned, or are rapidly on their way, to the receptacle of things lost, for party purpose.

Resolved, That as the stock of our opponents is now below par, in their panic movements, from the stoppage of their great panic engine, and grand regulator of the currency, made stronger under its new charter; there is a fall in the political elements, from the exhausted state of their resources, and from their being in straits for available political capital.

Resolved, That the tremendous federal alarm about "an exclusive metallic currency," yes, exclusive, for so they will have it, so terribly to be deplored, does not frighten us out of our wits. Let it come at its worst, we are not afraid it will sink us. We do not even deprecate its approach to the greatest extent practicable, with any party horror. Our faith comforts us, in their terrible apprehensions, that we may possibly get enough for a substantial specie basis to our currency.

Resolved, That the late Federal "hue and cry" of ruin, ruin to their fondly cherished bloated "credit system," does not disturb us, because a substantial specie basis to our currency may depress it, and prevent another bank paper illustration of its excellence; its chief beauties being exemplified under a pure system of an extended and multiplied bank enginery with the speculating, and stock jobbing gentry for bank Engineers.

Resolved, That last of all, (and most horrible!) say our Federal opponents comes that "bill of abominations," the "Sub-Treasury scheme of Martin Van Buren." Verily, it is to be feared, it will subvert (most woful!) the bank system of alternate expansions, and contractions of the currency to an alarming degree! For it denies to the bank managers, the use of the Government revenues (consummate effrontery!) that have been, (when deposited in their charge,) a great part of their necessary fuel to raise their bank steam power, to a full desirable height, even to bursting, when necessary for political effect.

Resolved, To deprive the bank gentry, in any measure of their power to raise and depress prices by denying them the use of the public money for banking purposes, is such an outrage upon their enjoyed rights of making easy fortunes, that they cannot bear it, without being reduced to the more regular earnings of some steady business, to the great injury of their favorite pursuits.

Resolved, That the opposition cry of corruption, in the administration, that we have heard, loud and long, with a vociferating din of confident vaunting, that they would expose it, if they could once get the power, has come down to an ominous silence—since the report of their wise Committee's investigation.

Resolved, That in their recent elections, the people have met the vaunted issue of "Sub-Treasury or no Sub-Treasury," and have pronounced it worthy only of him, who, with a like firmness of purpose, and integrity of principle, to carry out the great Democratic measures of independence of all chartered monopolies, my, in truth, he said "to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor."

Resolved, That the establishment of the "Independent Treasury system," by law, and as we trust it is soon to take place, will be a memorable era of Democratic triumph over the combined forces of Federalism, under the avowed Websterian policy of political tactics, "the prevention of all positive good," by any act of the Administration.

Resolved, That we are solemnly admonished, by the late Harrisburg and New Jersey violence upon the elective franchise, of the desperate madness of our political opponents for power, and that the ballot box is no longer the bulwark of our strength, unless carefully guarded by Democratic sentinels, constantly on duty, and alive with their watchword, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Resolved, That—who could have thought it? even old Massachusetts has sent us a message of her partial escape from Federal whirlwind, proudly Democratic spirit that animates her on her complete success, in her next great political conflict for supremacy is the flag of her Federal forces flying union down.

Resolved, That we have full confidence in the firmness, integrity and patriotism of Martin Van Buren. And that he has evinced the sagacity, prudence and wisdom of a statesman, with the coolness, decision, intrepidity and skill of an able

and accomplished chieftain, the chosen leader of the people, who in their recent mighty conflict for the supremacy of Democratic principles in the administration of their Government have successfully met and foiled the whole opposition fashioned Federalism, down to modern Conservative-ism, in conjunction with their bank allies under the charge of their great Money King N. Y. Marshall and led on anew by their redoubtable Champion of "sword, pestilence and famine."

Resolved, That Governor Fairfield has expressed the united voice of the Democratic party, and we trust will be sustained by the whole people, of the State, in the declaration, that, "though Maine has not yet taken military possession of the disputed territory, a continued disposition on the part of the British Government to delay a settlement of the boundary question, will not fail to induce such a step, whatever may be the consequences, should she not be relieved from that responsibility by the action of the General Government."

Resolved, That we cordially recommend the Hon. JOHN FAIRFIELD to the citizens of Maine, as a candidate for the office of Governor, and that in presenting him again for their suffrages, we feel the feebleness of our voice in commending him to an intelligent people, compared with his own official commendation to their support, by the signal ability, efficiency, patriotism and promptitude with which he has discharged his duties as Governor of Maine.

The Convention was eloquently addressed by Messrs. Hamlin of Hampden, Talman of Bath, and Burnham of Orland.

Mr. Perry of Oxford, offered the following Resolution, which was adopted.

Resolved, That strict adherence to regular nominations should characterize every true Democrat and lover of his country, as a departure from that long established principle, endangers our rights, our liberties, our country, our all.

On motion of Mr. Delesdernier of Baileyville, Daniel Williams of Angu, W. B. S. Moore of Waterville, Amos Nourse of Hallowell, Lot M. Morrill of Readfield, George M. Weston of Vassalboro', were appointed a State Central Committee.

On motion of Mr. Delesdernier, Voted, That the gentlemen chosen as Delegates to the National Convention be notified by the President and Secretaries of this Convention.

On motion of Mr. True of Waldo, Voted, That the doings of this Convention, signed by the President and Secretaries, be published in all the Democratic papers in the State.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER, President.

JOHN W. DANA, B. D. EASTMAN, Secretaries.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 17, 1840.

We publish this week the proceedings of the Democratic Convention recently held at Augusta. The nomination of JOHN FAIRFIELD for Governor, was undoubtedly both expected and desired by the Democracy of the whole State. The able and energetic measures pursued by him during the whole period of his official duties, and particularly in relation to our Boundary difficulties, proves him to be one in whom the people can with safety trust the affairs of Government, and pointed him out with unerring certainty for that high and honorable distinction. The unanimity and harmony which prevailed throughout the whole of the proceedings is but a type, we trust, of that spirit of unity and action which will pervade the whole Democratic party at the next September Election. He received every vote at the Convention, and will undoubtedly receive every Democratic vote in the State at the coming election, and that most willingly we predict.

## HON. V. D. PARRIS.

In the course of the debate upon the Cumberland Road, Mr. Parris of South Carolina, alluded in the following manner to the remarks of Mr. Parris in reference to that subject:—

Mr. Speaker, I was rejoiced to hear the remarks which fell the other day from the gentleman from Maine, (Mr. Parris,) and if proof were wanting that this is not a proposition which the South alone oppose, we may find it in the argument which that gentleman made. He comes from the extreme North; and I listened to him as if it were from the tomb of the Constitution, proclaiming its life and regeneration, in regions where it has been permitted too long to slumber uncherished and unnoticed. I return the gentleman my most cordial thanks. He has placed this question where it ought to be placed, shown that the North as well as the South were deeply interested in maintaining a limited as well as an economical Government.

## Correspondence of the Democrat.

Augusta, March 13, 1840.

Mr. Editor.—The way both branches of the Legislature turn off business of late is a caution. They hold two sessions a day, and work with a zeal and perseverance which shows that many of them are tired of the toils and labours of Legislation and are anxious to again mingle in the society of their wives, children and friends around the social hearths of their own "sweet homes."

As for the old Bachelors, they are just as happy and contented as ever. Their home is in the wide world, and while their associates sigh to behold once more the curling smoke ascending from the chimney top of the cottage which shields their "better halves" and young responsibilities from the winds and storms of winter, they sit as calm as a "summers morning," having the consolation to know that if the world looks upon them with indifference, they can return the compliment. But I am getting too sentimental for a practical man, and will therefore leave both single and double men to look out for themselves, and will say a few words in relation to what has been recently done in the Legislature.

In a former letter I wrote you something respecting the "Seaboard Slave-way Bill," and its passage through the Senate. When it came down to the House, it body went into Committee of the whole, Dr. Bennett,

of Parsonsfield, in the chair, and it was debated a large portion of three days. Mr. Hamlin the Speaker, Allen of Bangor, Cary of Houlton, and some others gave it an able and determined opposition, while it was supported with equal warmth and ardor by Messrs. Fessenden, Gatchell, Coburn and others. The question of its postponement to the next Legislature was carried by a majority of six votes. The Senate have since concurred. This question caused more feeling and excitement than any other that has been before the Legislature this winter, and I believe all are heartily glad it is settled and done with.

A vote has been taken fixing the time for an adjourned Session in September. The Senate once voted for June, then backed out (nobody knows for what) and sent down a proposition in favor of the first mentioned time; the House non-concurred and fixed the time in June, by two majority; a reconsideration was moved and carried by three majority, and the House concurred. The next day while a member was making a motion to reconsider, he was gagged off by a motion put and carried for an adjournment. I should not wonder if some concerned in this unfair way of disposing of questions got their pay before the Legislature adjourns. I suppose many of your readers have seen an account of the Democratic Convention of Members of the Legislature, holden on the 5th inst. John Fairfield was unanimously nominated for Governor. The Meeting was addressed by several Gentlemen, in an eloquent and spirited manner. The best of feeling prevailed, among all present; and on the whole, it was admitted by all, that it was one of the best Legislative Conventions, ever holden in the State.

Mrs. Thomas Langley, of Green, has presented the Governor, with a noble Cheese weighing almost 300 lbs. It was cut the other day, and a slice presented to all who chose to take. I hope the Gov. will remember this good woman in a way that will reward her both for her labor and generosity. No doubt he will, for he is reported to be a generous man.

The Senate passed a Resolve giving a township of Land to Waterville College, on condition individual private subscriptions could be raised amounting to \$40,000. In the House, the Resolve was supported by Messrs. Allen of Bangor, Holmes of Windthrop, Chadborn of Eastport, and Fessenden of Portland, and opposed by Messrs. Carey of Houlton, Perry of Oxford, Andrews of Turner, and Delesdernier of Baileyville. It was refused a passage by a large majority.

To-day an order passed ordering the pay Roll to be made up to Wednesday next. The Legislature will probably rise upon that or the following day. Many of the Members have already got leave of absence and gone home.

Both Houses have agreed upon a Committee to sit upon the Revised Laws in the recess, to consist of seven on the part of the Senate and twenty from the House.

A new Banking Law has been reported, and all but the last Section, relating to the Small Bill Law, kicked over in the Senate. I have no time now to speak of its provisions. What shape it will finally assume, is impossible to tell. A new Militia Law is reported and probably will go over to the adjourned Session.

A Legislative Temperance Convention was holden last evening in the Representative's Chamber at which the President of the Senate presided. Spirited Resolutions were adopted, speeches made, &c. and I have no doubt much good will result from the deliberations of the evening. I have much more I should be glad to say, but have no time to say it now.

In haste, your old friend, Dine.

We are requested to give notice that THE SOUTH PARIS SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY will give a Concert of Sacred and Secular Music at the Congregationalist Meeting House at South Paris, on Friday, the 20th inst. at one o'clock P. M.

We are requested to give notice that an Exhibition will be had on Monday, the 23d inst. at the Centre Meeting House in Norway, at one o'clock P. M.

## COUP D'ŒIL OF THE CAMPAIGN.

"Brag" is the game of the federal partisans. Underneath the intelligence of the people, and believing that Gen. Jackson's election to the Presidency, was owing, not to a right appreciation of his qualities and qualification for that eminent station, but to the popular buzz in favor of a "military chieftain," they labor industriously to invest their petticoat candidate with this attribute, and to convince the American people that he is a good-enough hero to receive their suffrages, regardless of every other consideration. "Do you not think," said a leading federalist, amidst the din and flourish of the federal legislative caucus a few evenings since, "that we have got up a hurra for Harrison?" And this is the amount of the matter. "Hozza for Harrison," is all that can be done in the premises. The American people are complimented by the insinuation, that they regard qualification, services, high character, and fitness, as nothing—and a "hurra for Harrison" as every thing. Hence the clap-traps, canoes, flags, schemes of hoasting, leigned enthusiasm, "the 20,000 in Penn-yvania—the old thread-bare tricolor that has preceded the federal defeats for three last presidential campaigns.

But we prefer to put ourselves on record, and to show, in our judgment, the re-election of Mr. Van Buren, beyond a contingency. This re-election we are content to stand by in any manner the gentleman brings choose to name. In several States in the doubtful column, which we fully believe will cast their votes for Mr. Van Buren.

Van Buren. Harrison. Doubtful, Maine 10 Vermont 7 Massachusetts 14 N. Hampshire 7 R. Island 4 Connecticut 8 Pennsylvania 30 Delaware 3 New Jersey 7 Maryland 10 Louisiana 6 Indiana 9

Virginia	23	Kent'ky	15	Michigan	3
N. Carolina	15				
S. Carolina	11				
Georgia	11	34			42
Alabama	7				
Mississippi	4				
Arkansas	3				
Missouri	4				
Illinois	5				
Tennessee	15				
Ohio	21				
New York	42				

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We are aware that the federalists here and elsewhere, claim New York and Ohio, or at least insist that they must stand among the doubtful. It is the game in New York to claim Ohio; and in Ohio to claim New York. We do not believe they will carry either State. The contest in both will be severe and animated beyond any former example; but we do not believe that either state will quit Mr. Van Buren, and the impregnable principles of his administration, for Gen. Harrison, and his absence of all principles and qualifications. But if such should be the result—if both States are placed in the Harrison column—it will be seen that Mr. Van Buren, yet has a majority of the electoral votes. We feel the utmost confidence in the re-election of Mr. Van Buren. But let every democratic friend of such a result bear it perpetually in mind, that the contest will demand his utmost exertion and vigilance, and that continually.—Albany Argus.

## REPUBLICAN POLICY.

The marionette response of the late State Democratic Convention, to the noble declaration by Gov. FAIRFIELD, of the intention of Maine to take Military possession of the disputed territory, if on change of British policy shall speedily take place, and she be not relieved from that necessity by the action of the Federal Government, merits everywhere the cordial and hearty approbation of the people. It assures them, that those in whose hands is the Government of the State, are determined to treat the Boundary question as a State question, and to urge it to a definitive issue, by the potent engine of State action. It assures them that a claim adverse to their clearest rights, will not forever be permitted to annoy and harass them, and enables them to see near at hand and beyond the contingencies of a shuffling diplomacy, a final termination of the long series of unresisted insults upon their honor and their sovereignty. They see in this assertion of the great doctrine of State rights, and State remedies, something upon which they can rely, to put an end to negotiations not less irritating by their hypocrisy, than by their tedious protraction, and which have jeopardized national honor as well as national rights.—Age.

## From the Bangor Democrat.

If more men of independence and fearless unbending integrity, that threatenings and temptations cannot move from the rock of principle, whose patriotism and integrity are stronger than self-interest, who cannot be bought, bribed or intimidated, who are governed by fixed principles and the will of the people—if such men, and such are to be found, were appointed guardians of the democratic faith, the people's rights, and the sacred cause of human liberty, we should soon see an end of Bank misrule and oppression, and the all pervading and overshadowing Bank Power would presently be rendered harmless. Merely popular men are little if any better than those of easy virtue. A popular man, in the common acceptance, is one who is not particularly objectionable to any one, because he is harmless from incapacity or inherent weakness. In this sense, popular men are not strong men, and negative qualities are poor recommendations. We speak from observation and considerable reflection,—a popular man is useless as a party man and champion of the true faith. He cannot or will not do battle for his principles and boldly face his antagonists for fear of giving offence and injuring his popularity. He always says yes to his friends and seldom gives more than half an answer to his opponents. The consequence is, that his friends by abusing his confidence become selfish and corrupt, and his opponents obtain an advantage through his weakness. Strong, bold, independent, honest and useful men, the best men both for party and country, are seldom those that are most popular even with their own party.

CONGRESS. We have the proceedings of Congress on Monday, March 5. In the House the time was occupied in offering resolutions. In the Senate there was nothing of interest except the communication of additional documents in reference to the N. E. Boundary. These documents consist of Gov. Fairfield's letters communicating to the President the evidence recently obtained by him in respect to British operations within the disputed territory, a letter from Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Fox, dated March 6, calling upon him to account for the extraordinary contradiction between his statements and this evidence, and the reply of Mr. Fox, which a letter from Washington now before us says, "maintains his former statements to some extent." Five thousand extra copies of these documents were ordered to be printed in connection with the last correspondence between Messrs. Fox and Forsyth heretofore made public, so that Mr. Fox's statements are put side by side, with the evidence overthrowing them.

Mr. WILLIAMS addressed the Senate upon the subject of the N. E. Boundary. The only account of his remarks which we have seen, is the following in the N. Y. Jour. Com. "Mr. Williams of Maine spoke, at length, on



this subject, and declared that the people of Maine would not submit to the present state of the case. It remained, he said, to be seen whether the general government would take steps to dislodge the invading troops, or that duty be left to the State of Maine.

These documents and the remarks of Mr. Williams, will be received in a day or two, and will be looked for with the highest interest. A letter from Washington written March 9, says:

"It is said that the British Minister has dispatched by the Great Western, but of what character, no one knows."—*Age*.

**THE WAGES OF LABOR.**—The Independent Treasury Bill, if adopted, would, by checking the excessive importation of foreign goods, put all our manufacturing establishments in active operation. Labor of course would be in greater demand, and the wages be much better than they now are. It is ruinous importations from foreign work-shops, carried on by means of the bank deposit system, and the paper (instead of specie) payment of the duties at the custom house, that stops the American work-shops, and leaves our laborers unemployed. Compel John Bull, and his importing friends, to put down the gold and silver, for the duties on every yard of English cloth, or pound of English iron, that they bring into this country, and deny them the use of the treasury funds to trade upon, and our cloth factories, and iron factories, and all other factories, would have steady employ: our workmen would be in constant demand, and the employers could afford to pay, and would pay, the highest wages. This is the Independent Treasury system. A system which up-well informed manufacturer will ever oppose, unless indeed, he prefers whiggery to his own best interests.—*N. H. Register*.

**OUR BOUNDARY DEBT.**—In the United States Senate, on the 6th inst. Mr. William (of Me.) incidentally remarked, that the debt contracted by that State in defending her frontier against the aggressions of Sir John Harvey, was a national debt, which would unquestionably be paid by the General Government. In this sentiment, the Globe says, there was a very general acquiescence.

**WHIG ARGUMENTS.**—Some whigs attended a lecture the other day which was delivered by Robert Rantoul Jr. of Mass., to the Democrats of Newport, (R. I.) and got so enraged at the truth they heard, as to assail the lecturer, with cries, yells, and potatoes. When the potato argument was used says the Bay State Democrat, Mr. R. remarked:

"I have always heard that whig arguments were small potatoes, but I never realized the truth of the adage so sensibly as on this evening."

**"PHIBUS WHAT A NAME!"**—The Editor of the Boston Courier says—

"Our position," is easily defined. "It is that of an

**INDEPENDENT  
FEDERAL  
REPUBLICAN  
DEMOCRATIC** } WHIG.

And while the Courier shall remain under its present conductor, it will endeavor to maintain that character. *In hoc signo spes mea.*

**ANOTHER FACT.**—The following General Order, promulgated by President Madison, in 1814, in the thickest of the War, tells the whole story:

**GENERAL ORDER.**

"ANDREW JACKSON, of Tennessee, is appointed Major General in the Army of the United States, in the place of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, RESIGNED!"

From the Albany Argus.

**MARK THE DIFFERENCE.**—The Ohio Statesman publishes the names of eighty-eight postmasters who attended the federal or Harrison convention in that state, as delegates, to put down the administration.

How strongly does the clemency or liberality of the democratic administration contrast with the proscription course and universal sweep indulged in by the federalists in this State. With-out an exception, every man in office within their reach, and nearly every clerk, has been swept out to gratify the hungry "spoil-hunters."

The opposition are always talking about the intelligence of the mercantile community; but how little respect they exhibit for that intelligence when they strive to dupe them, as did the Kennebec Journal recently, into believing that their "ships are rotting at the wharves," at the very time when vessels are in extraordinary demand!

The Mass. Legislature has before it a bill providing that after the 4th of July next, no person shall be imprisoned on any civil action instituted exclusively for the recovery of any debt. The Mass. law now allows the debtor to be imprisoned, upon the oath of the Plaintiff that he believes his debt is justly due, and has a reasonable cause to believe that this debtor is about to abscond.

An Officer said to be Col. Wellesly (son of the Duke of Wellington), passed through here yesterday on his way from Canada to Fredericton. He is said to be the bearer of Despatches, of what purport we have not heard. This gentleman stated at the Hotel that the Mail Carrier had been fired at on the Temisquata Portage, and that the ball had passed through the back part of the neck. He succeeded however in carrying the mail in safety to his station. We have not heard whether the wound is considered to be dangerous. Various conjectures are afloat as to the motives that could influence such a wanton outrage.—*Woodstock Times of Feb. 20.*

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### FORTY THREE DAYS' LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The Great Western arrived at New York on Saturday, in 16 days from Bristol. She brings London papers to the 19th February; Liverpool to the same, and Havre to the 17th. We are in debt to the N. York Commercial, for a synopsis of the news. The W. brought about 80 passengers.

The latest previous advices were January 7th. Consequently the present dates are forty three days later than before received.

The Bank of England had reduced the rate of interest to 5 per cent.

The arrival brings us no intelligence of a change of ministers in England, which has been so confidently predicted; but the opposition have commenced the war most vigorously, and it may be questioned whether Lord Melbourne and his colleagues will be able to sustain themselves.

By late accounts from India, it seems that the Anglo-Indian government is still pushing on its career of war and conquest. The Khan of Kelat had been attacked, his capital stormed and captured, and the Khan himself slain. The British loss was 31 killed and 105 wounded. The natives were very severe, both in killed and wounded. One account says nine hundred.

Sir Frederick Maitland, commander in chief of the naval force in the East Indies, died on board the Wellesley on the 30th of November.

Accounts of the recent hostilities in China had states that a great naval armament is to be sent immediately from Portsmouth, to take on board Canton under contribution, or destroy it if necessary, and then proceed Northward of Peking, and compel the Emperor to submission.

The Duke of Wellington has had another severe and alarming attack of sudden illness. Causes said to be the same as before—hard exercise on an empty stomach.

Prince Albert has been appointed a field marshal—enrolment some two thousand pounds a year. Moreover, he has been naturalized by act of Parliament.

Both houses of Parliament have voted thanks to Lord Auckland for the "glorious result" of the war in Afghanistan.

The chartist prisoners of Newport have had their sentences commuted from death to transportation.

Only three of them were convicted: Frost, Williams and Jones. There was a difference of opinion among the judges on a technical objection raised by the prisoner's counsel.

On a direct vote of want of confidence in ministers, moved by Sir John Buller, the vote was, ayes 308; nays 257. Ministerial majority 21.

The allowance voted by Parliament to Prince Albert is £30,000 per annum.

**MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.**—The marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert was solemnized on the 10th of February, at the Chapel Royal, St. James'. The day was inauspicious, a heavy rain falling, but immense multitudes assembled to gaze upon the procession.

**Loss of an American Ship by fire, off the Cape of Cork.**—We are indebted to Mr. Jameson, Register of the Chamber of Commerce, for the following intelligence. Extract from a letter dated Cork, Feb. 8, 1840:—

"The American ship *Harve* with 1,564 bales of cotton, took fire about 7 miles off this harbor yesterday evening. The master, two mates and fourteen seamen, were saved with great difficulty by Patrick Kirby, pilot. This I am sorry to say that his boat was considerably injured by coming in contact with the wreck. A quantity of gunpowder having been stowed in the afterpart of the ship, she blew up with a tremendous explosion, about ten minutes after the wreck had left her."—*Dublin Packet*.

**Wreck of the *Barque St. Lawrence*.**—A beautiful barque, the *St. Lawrence*, D Chambers, master, laden with timber, from Dalhousie, New Brunswick, was driven into Bally heigue Bay, Kerry, on Tuesday morning. Vessel total loss, crew saved.

Letters from Brest of the 5th, contain a long enumeration of the disasters which occurred on the adjoining coast during the frightful night of the 3d Feb. No less than 17 vessels were wrecked on the shore south of Camaret, and amongst others, the *Liffey*, capt Stowe, from Dublin for Bar of Lundunvez. Four of the crew were saved by a fisherman named Yves Peré. The other three were unfortunately drowned.

**TURKEY AND EGYPT.**—*Constantinople, Jan. 27.* The great news of the day is the treaty of quadruple alliance between Russia, England, Austria, and Prussia, who have come to an understanding, to guarantee the integrity of the Ottoman empire. The Horta has received official advice of the conclusion of this alliance. The news brought to must have been of great importance, inasmuch as the garrison of the last named city was called out by the Governor to break the ice to enable the steamer to leave the port.—*Sensaphere*.

**CANADA.**—Lord J. Russell, on the 11th Feb. in reply to Mr. Packington, said he expected a draft of a bill for the union of the two Canadas from the Governor General of Canada, in the course of this month, as it was to leave N. York on the 1st of Feb. As soon as the government had considered the bill, he would submit it to the house. The noble lord further stated that he had given orders that returns in reference to the number of religious denominations in Canada, should be laid on the table. The noble lord added, that he was not aware that Sir George Arthur had resigned his office of Governor of Upper Canada.

**FROM CHINA.**

The following, from the Boston Daily Advertiser, is an extract of a letter from Mr. John Cunningham, supercargo of the ship *Morea*, of Boston, dated Macao, Nov. 4, 1839.

"On arriving at the Bogue, the point of the river which is defended by forts, and where we were obliged on our passage down (from Can-

lon to Macao) to show our pass, we saw two English men of war, engaging from twenty to thirty war junks. We were drifting down slowly with the tide, and had good opportunity of witnessing all that passed. The fight continued about an hour, when the junks retreated, and the men of war set sail for this place. On arriving opposite to the spot where the shot had appeared to fly the most thickly, we found three of the China vessels sunk, with their masts just peeping from the water, and numbers of miserable wretches clinging to the rigging. Several others appeared much disabled.

This morning we found that in consequence of the negotiation being broken off, the Yun Chi ordered the English either to enter Whampoa at once or quit the Chinese waters, with the threat of burning their ships if they refused compliance. On the receipt of this order, Capt. Elliot sent two vessels, the *Hyacinth* and *Volage*, to ascertain if the commissioner was in earnest. When these vessels arrived at the Bogue, they received a request from the commander of the forts not to approach nearer than two or three miles, which they complied with; lying to, and waiting for the answer to Capt. Elliot's message. Whilst in that situation, about thirty junks got under the forts, and stood down towards them. A message from the ships was sent to the commander of the junks, desiring him not to approach any nearer, which request was disregarded. The action then commenced on the part of the English with round and grape shot, which did terrible execution. For some time the Chinese fought well, their admiral showing great courage and presence of mind, but they were finally obliged to retreat, as I have before mentioned. The English suffered no loss.

This evening the Chinese report has been received. One mandarin with christian button has been killed—the admiral dangerously wounded—three junks sunk, one blown up, and many more disabled. Over three hundred men have also been killed. The commissioner is reported to be very much frightened, and at a great loss what to do.

Thus all hope of an accommodation is broken off, and war virtually declared between the two nations. Whether the port of Canton will be closed to vessels of all nations, is a question to be decided. I should not be at all surprised if the Chinese themselves should sink junks at the Bogue, and thus prevent both ingress and egress."

**A QUEER CHARACTER.**—Among the doings at the Court of Common Pleas for Rockingham County, N. H., the Exeter News Letter states that Alfred Tetherly, of Charleston, N. H., was indicted for stealing a horse, the property of Josiah Woodman, of Nottingham. On being asked if "guilty or not guilty," he said they might set him down as guilty, for he went into the barn to lodge for the night, and finding no hay there to lie on or the horse to eat, he took the best out of pity, road him up country, where there was any enough, and sold him to a man who would feed him well, and not let him starve. He thought some about riding the horse back to the owner, but the jade travelled so hard that he would rather go to the State Prison for a dozen years than ride him again a dozen miles. The court sentenced him to three years hard labor in the State Prison.

**WOODSTOCK, February 22.**—Captains Battersby and Hawkshaw of the Engineer Department arrived here on Thursday evening from Head Quarters, for the purpose of selecting sites for the erection of Barracks and such other works as may be deemed necessary for the protection of the place. These works we understand will be on an extensive scale, sufficient to accommodate a large force.—*Times*.

From the Eastern Argus.

By an Act of the Legislature of this State, the name of the town of East Machias, in the County of Washington, has been changed; and will hereafter be known by the name of Mechieses.

The original name of the River on which the town is situated was Mechieses, and a large portion of the inhabitants, (wishing to retain the ancient Indian name in honor of the memory of that noble race of men, who were once "Lords of the soil" and who gave to places and rivers such names as the face of the country, and the peculiarities of the soil suggested to them,) have been induced thus to change the name of said town.

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## STATE OF MAINE.

### BY THE GOVERNOR.

#### A PROCLAMATION.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION, FASTING & PRAYER.

When we reflect upon the goodness of God, and our own unworthiness—a Father's untiring benevolence, and our disobedience—the gift of his Son for our Salvation, and our neglect of the instructions of the Gospel—the distinguished privilege which as a community we enjoy, and our forgetfulness of the love which conferred them—we see abundant cause, for bowing before the Mercy Seat, and in humility, and deep contrition of heart, supplicating Divine forgiveness.

At the opening of the season also, when about preparing to cast the seed into the ground, and to enter anew upon the varied enterprises of another year, we are forcibly reminded of our dependence upon the Providence of God, and are admonished to look up to him for that blessing, without which the efforts of man are utterly in vain.

With these views therefore, and in accordance with a time honored and hallowed custom, originating with our Pilgrim Fathers, I have appointed, by the advice of the Council, Thursday the ninth day of April next, as a day for public HUMILIATION, FASTING AND PRAYER. And the people of this State are requested to spend the day in such religious services as they may deem suitable to the occasion, abstaining from all recreation and labor inconsistent therewith.

Done at the Council Chamber this second day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty, and in the sixty fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

JOHN FAIRFIELD.

By the Governor.  
PHILIP C. JOHNSON, Sec'y of State.

**A RARE CASE.**—It appears by a report of the Auditor of Delaware, that the State is not only out of debt but considerably in pocket. After a full settlement of the last year's accounts, the balance in favor of the treasury is \$19,222, 34, which is more than double the expenditures of the State for the whole year.

**MISSISSIPPI MONEY AT HOME.**—A friend informs us that he heard something like the following conversation the other evening at one of the river towns in Mississippi:

"Hullo! Jim, what money will be good to-morrow?"

"Hard telling, Sam. Agricultural was good this morning."

"Yes, but it wasn't worth shucks at dinner time, Jim—Real Estate was up at 1 o'clock, but went down with the sun. I have some money to pay to-morrow, but what kind to raise is more than I can say. I wish they would arrange it so that the notes of some one bank would remain stationary for twenty-four hours at least, so that a man can make his 'calcule' beforehand."—*N. Y. Pic.*

**THE P. O. DEPARTMENT.**—By a late Report of the P. M. General, it appears that the expenditures of the Department for the year ending June 30th, 1839, were \$4,654,718 42—being less than the appropriations for that year by \$455,261 58. The expenditures, however, exceeded the revenue of the year by about \$177,000—which sum was paid off from the funds on hand at the beginning of the year.

**A SCREAMER.**—There is a young lady of "sweet sixteen," down the Seneca River, who cuts her two cords of wood per day, when not too much engaged in household affairs. Being alone the other day, she settled some difference between herself and the schoolmaster by trundling him head first out of the house and closing the door upon him. What a glorious remedy for the "hard times," such a "companion in arms," would be!—*State Journal*.

**MARRIED.**

In Norway, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Doct. Augustus Harris of Coebrook N. H., and Miss Louisa A. Cox and Miss Eunice W. Putnam both of Norway.

In Westbrook, 12th, by Elder L. P. Fleming, Mr. Samuel H. Chapman of Bethel, and Miss Mary Traf-ton of Westbrook.

**DIED.**

In this town, yesterday, Rozilla, daughter of Mr. Samuel P. Rawson aged about 1 year.

In Hebron, 11th inst. Mr. Thomas Crafts aged about 35 years.

Waterford, Jonathan Houghton, Esq., aged 79 years.

In Rumford, 2d inst. Lucinda Graham, wife of Mr. Asa Graham, aged about 20 years.

**Mortgagee's Notice.**

WHEREAS, We, El John Smith and John B. Brown of the firm of Smith & Brown of Portland, County of Cumberland and State of Maine, have a claim by Mortgage Deed from John D. Gosson of Bath, dated February 26, 1839, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Oxford, State of Maine, Book 54, page 498, of the following described real estate, viz:—Being a certain tract of land situated in Bethel, County of Oxford and State of Maine, on the South side of the Androscoggin River and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake and stones on the westerly side of Lot No. 8, in the 10th Range, thence running South 20 degrees East one hundred and sixty-eight rods to the great Brook, thence down said Brook about fifty rods to a stake and stones, thence North 23 degrees West on said road 70 rods to a maple tree mark the place of beginning, containing fifty-three acres, more or less. For further description and particulars see said Mortgage. Whereas, the conditions of the said Mortgage have been broken, we the said Smith & Brown, therefore claim to foreclose the same, agreeably to an Act additional to an Act respecting Mortgages and the right of redemption, approved March 20, 1838.

SMITH & BROWN.  
March, 1840.

**OLIVER HUBBARD.**

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

PARIS MARCH 3, 1840.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

**OXFORD, 25.**

PURSUANT to warrant directed by a Seneca requiring me to collect the sums assessed, at the County Tax for the years 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838 and 1839 on the following described townships or tracts of land situated in said County (when the tax was assessed) not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation, which remain unpaid as follows, viz:—

Andover Surplus, West.	Tax for the year 1839.	\$3 42
do	do 1837.	3 75
do	do 1838.	3 75
do	do 1839.	3 41
North half Township No. 2, 4th Range.	do 1837.	1 23
do	do 1838.	1 69
do	do 1839.	1 64
One fourth of " " " " " "	do 1836.	44
do	do 1837.	48
do	do 1838.	2 56
do	do 1839.	2 24
South half " " " " " "	do 1837.	3 69
do	do 1838.	1 87
Part of " " " " " "	do 1839.	1 20
Surplus of Township Letter C.	do 1835.	1 78
do	do 1836.	1 78
do	do 1837.	1 95
do	do 1838.	1 95
do	do 1839.	1 75
10 1/2 of Township Letter C. adjoining B.	do 1838.	1 60
do	do 1839.	1 60
7 1/2 of Township No. 4, 2d Range.	do 1837.	2 84
do	do 1838.	3 06
do	do 1839.	3 06
Whole of " " " " " "	do 1839.	3 22
do	do 1836.	2 99
do	do 1837.	3 27
do	do 1838.	3 27
do	do 1839.	2 97

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Monday the eleventh day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, as much of House in Paris in said County as will be necessary to satisfy said taxes and charges.

Dated at Paris, the eleventh day of March, 1840.  
31st.

PHILO CLARK, Sheriff of Oxford.

**Commissioner's Notice.**

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate &c, within and for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of

**WILLIAM HASKELL JR.,**

late of Canton, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six months from the third day of March, instant are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we shall attend and serve at the inn of Mr. Ezra J. Stone at Canton, on the first and last Monday of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. on each of said days.

REUEL WASHBURN, } Commissioners.  
GIDEON ELLIS, }  
Livermore March 7, 1840. } 3w31.

**Guardian Sale.**

HAVING obtained License so to do, I shall sell at Public Vendue at the store of J. Howe & Son, in Paris on Tuesday the Seventh day of April next, at one o'clock P. M. if not sold previously at private sale, all the interest which the minor children and heirs of Moses Dudley, late of Paris, deceased, have in the Homestead Farm last owned and occupied by said deceased.

JEEREMIAH HOWE, Guardian.  
Paris March 11th, 1840. 3w31

**Guardian Sale.**

WILL be sold at Public Auction, pursuant to a License from the Probate Court, within and for the County of Oxford, on Thursday the seventh day of April next, at one o'clock P. M. at the store of J. Howe & Son in Paris, all the interest which Evening Dudley, Charles Dudley, minor Children of Moses Dudley, late of Paris, deceased, have in and to the Homestead Farm of said late Father, situated in Paris consisting of two sixths of the land, and two sixths of one half of the farm now standing on said farm as set off of the heirs of said deceased, also their interest in the widows dower. Terms made known at the place of sale.

JOSEPH DUDLEY, Guardian.  
Paris March 11th, 1840. 3w31

**Administratrix's Sale.**

FOR sale at Public Auction, at the dwelling house of Luther Stone of Paris, in the County of Oxford, County, on Saturday, the 24th day of March, instant, at one of the clock P. M. so much of the real estate of

**LUTHER STONE,**

late of said Paris, deceased, as will produce the sum of four hundred dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges, viz:—All the right, title and interest which said deceased had to redeem one undivided half of the half of Lot numbered Seventeen and Eighteen in the 5th Range of Lots in said Paris. Likewise the said deceased's right to redeem about eighteen acres, being part of Lot numbered Seventeen in said 5th Range of Lots in said Paris. And at the same time and place will be described the revision of the Widow's Dower in the above described property. The terms and a particular description will be made known at the sale.

HADASSAH STONE, Administratrix.  
Paris, March 4th, 1840. 3w30

**Commissioner's Notice.**

THE subscribers having been appointed by Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of

**ELLIS STOWELL,**



